

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

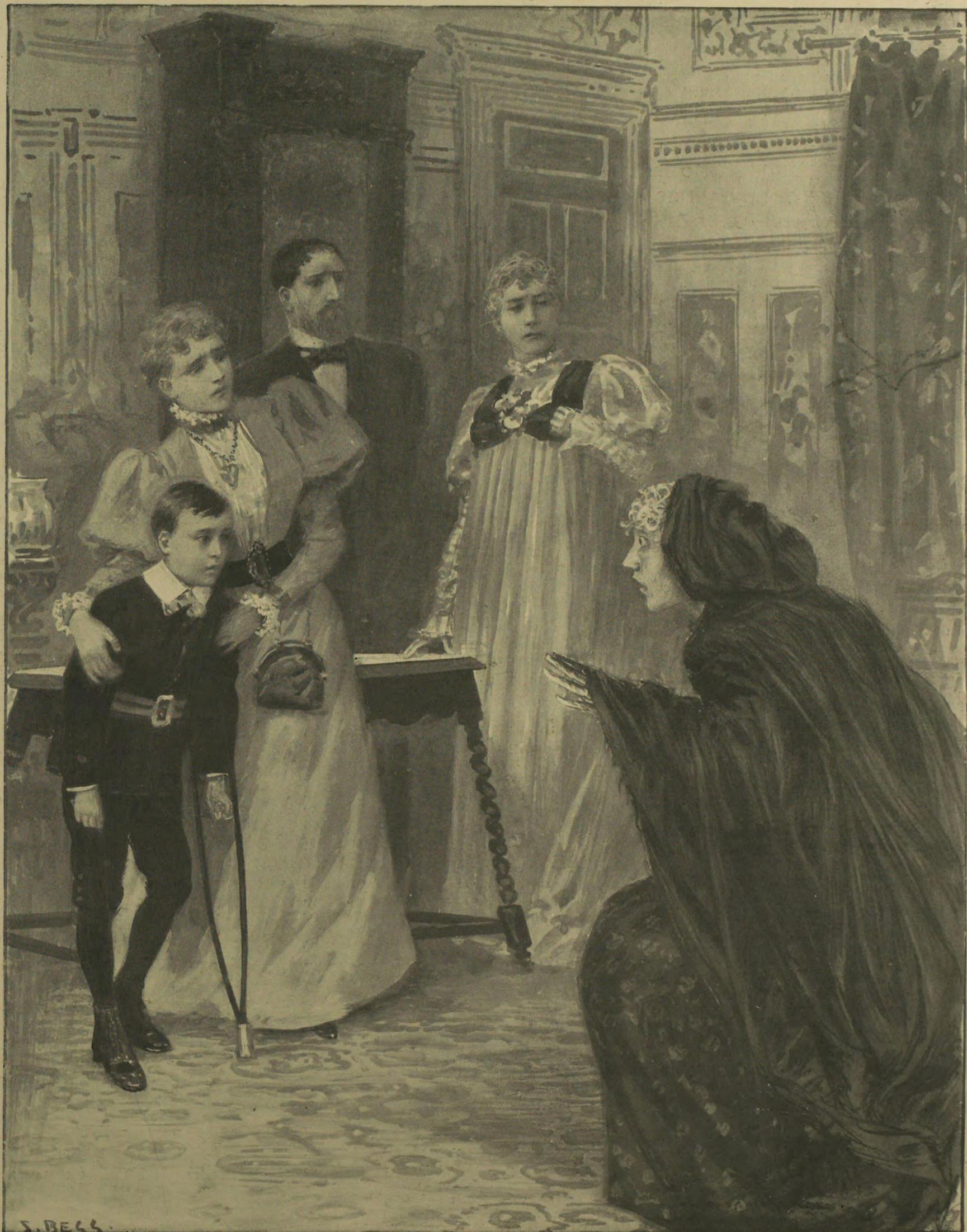
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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1896.

WITH SUPPLEMENT
SONG: "THE SERGEANT'S WEDDING." } SIXPENCE.
} BY POST, 6*½* D.

Allmers (Mr. Courtenay Thorpe). Rita (Miss Achurch).



Little Eyolf (Master Dawson).

Asta (Miss Robins).

The Rat-Wife (Mrs. Patrick Campbell).

IBSEN'S "LITTLE EYOLF," AT THE AVENUE THEATRE: THE VISIT OF THE RAT-WIFE.

THE RAT-WIFE (speaking of how she hunts the rats with her dog): "We push off from the land. . . . And all the creepers and crawlers they follow and follow us out into the deep, deep waters. Ay, for they have to!"

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It is not lucky, they say, to tell one's dreams, but I had such a terribly bad one the other night that it demands public sympathy. I was awakened (as I thought) by something cold and wet browsing, so to speak, on my lips. I started up with a pious exclamation. "What the deuce are you up to?" I inquired. "I thought you was a water-trough," answered a hoarse voice—an offensive observation suggested, I suppose, by the size of my mouth. I then perceived one of the gauntest and most melancholy steeds that have existed since the days of Rosinante. "From what knacker's yard do you come?" I asked, for he had naturally made me angry. "Nay," he answered, "I am still alive; I am the last horse." "And always were, I should imagine," returned I contemptuously; "what was the race?" "The equine race," he replied pathetically, and a tear trickled down his Roman nose. "The motors have done it, bust 'em! You wouldn't think that I was once a favourite for the Derby, and only had three to one laid agin' me." I could not say with honesty that I should have thought it. "And now the motors race on Epsom Downs; they iles 'em in the paddocks; they starts 'em with our old red flag." Here he wept so copiously that it struck me that he might have the glanders. I was sorry for him, but more frightened for myself.

"But were you not always a racehorse?" I said—a vapid remark I admit, but when alarmed I am never intelligent. "I afterwards carried a lady—now she can almost carry me." He pointed with his nose (like a dog) to his poor ribs. It was most pathetic, and anything distressing destroys my wits, like fear. "Where did you carry her?" I asked, a foolish inquiry indeed. It aroused a spark of contempt in him which I had not looked for—he had not seemed to have a kick in him. "Well, to 'ounds, of course. We were always in the first flight. Now they ride motors, but it ain't bellows to mend when they gets to the ploughed fields. The 'ounds can hardly be laid on; there's such a stink of petroleum." He laughed loudly (a horse laugh, of course), but without enjoyment. "You were still young then?" I said, from a wish to say something and relieve an embarrassing silence, not that I could conceive his being young at any age. "You're looking at my teeth," he answered angrily. I was looking at them, I admit, but because there was nothing else to look at; he seemed all teeth. As to deducing anything from their appearance, I was utterly incapable of it. Upon reflection, he seemed to perceive that I had no intention of wounding his feelings, for he observed, "You was never a horsey gent, you wasn't: lucky for you, or your 'eart would be broke. No riding nor driving now. I was the last horse in the shafts of a hansom. People stared at it as though it had been a sedan chair. Then I was bought for exhibition purposes. 'THE LAST HORSE ON HIS LAST LEGS!' was the advertisement. Well, I shall be glad to say ajew to a puffing and a roaring world." With that the vision began to fade, or rather, diminish—he became a cestermonger's pony, and then, all of a sudden, a motor-bicycle. Then I knew he had never been a horse at all, but only a night-mare.

The revised version of the Bible about to be published by a committee of twenty-one ladies in America should have a great success with the fair sex. It is proposed to give particular attention to the chapters and paragraphs relating to women, and more especially "to those in which women are made prominent by exclusion." The result of this will probably be considerably to mitigate the views expressed by the Apostle Paul. The ladies will more or less sympathise with a certain fellow-countryman of theirs who observed, "Pole was a clayver man, but I do not agree with him." The author of Ecclesiastes is also likely to be severely handled in "The Woman's Bible" for his opinion of female wisdom: "One man among a thousand have I found, but a woman among all those have I not found." If he had lived in these days he would, let us hope, have left a little margin.

I can never understand why it is thought to be bad taste to express satisfaction at the demise of a fellow-creature: of some of them it would surely be the merest compliment to say with the poet, "They never will be missed," inasmuch as we feel it an immense relief to get rid of them. It may be said that our view of their characters may be quite wrong; that they have been excellent persons, less fit for earth than heaven. But if so, like Mr. Snevelli, "they will be appreciated *there*," and there is, therefore, still less reason to regret their translation. At all events, I decline to drop a tear over the loss of the last of the practical jokers, who, we are told, departed this life the other day in Paris. I had no personal enmity to this gentleman—indeed, he was utterly unknown to me—but if I really thought he was the last of his calling, I should rejoice. This, however, would be an optimist dream; and, indeed, it is quite possible that he may be still alive and kicking—with joy at having once more deceived the public. Curiously enough, he was a grave and learned person—an official in the National Library—and had no excuse in idleness or levity for playing the rôle of a Theodore Hook. His humour, however, took no other direction than this deplorable one. His first experiment was to send out invitations to his marriage with a Dahomey Negress, then

on view at the Jardin d'Acclimatation; the great success of which was perhaps his ruin, for from that moment he never gave up practical joking. It is fair to say that he almost always selected learned bodies—which, no doubt, struck him as fair game—for his victims; but the misfortune is that your practical joker never knows where to stop: one may begin with a Lord Chancellor and descend to one's valet. A man of bad eminence in this profession encourages the vulgar herd, down to the mischievous clown who points his gun at his friend "in fun," with an "I'll shoot you," and does it. Indeed, mischief if not malice is always at the bottom of this bastard humour, by the extinction of which the gaiety of nations would be considerably increased.

The terrible words "After death the Judgment" are as applicable to human opinion as to divine retribution. A little while ago the interesting work entitled "The Diary of a Citizen of Paris during the Terror," with its anti-Revolutionary views, would have been received not only with the welcome that is its due, but with sympathy as regards the "Royal Martyr" it eulogises. But in the interval we have learnt from Baron Thiébault's Memoirs, and from the statement that has been republished from those of the American Ambassador of the time, so hideous an account of the brutal cruelty of Louis that not a grain of pity can be felt for him. A wretch that could kill lap-dogs and roast cats alive for his amusement is beyond the pale of human forgiveness. Even the ecclesiastic who lately informed us that dumb animals were not protected by the aegis of the Christian religion would now scarcely echo the confident aspiration of Abbé Edgeworth—"Son of St. Louis, ascend to heaven."

A correspondent complains of the unsought attentions of strangers to a matter which if not absolutely painful to him has occurred so often that it is anything but a subject of congratulation. Whenever an increase to his family occurs, which is by no means on his own account advertised in the newspapers, but chiefly to exclude lady callers from his consort, he receives photographs of the birth column of the *Times* in which the (to him) unwelcome intelligence occurs, and is, moreover, expected to pay for them. There are several enterprising individuals who carry on this calling, so that photograph after photograph arrives at a time when he would gladly forget the circumstance that has evoked them. He throws them aside; often, doubtless, with some exclamation of impatience of which he afterwards repents, and they are forgotten—except, unfortunately, by the persons who send them. He doesn't want them, but they, it appears, want them back, though for what reason it is impossible to conjecture, and if lost they demand compensation. It is possible that when the first olive-branch appears on the family tree the record of its arrival is received with favour. Among the occasional pieces of Dickens there is one called "Mrs. Meek of a Son," wherein Mr. Meek is described as very gratified by the circumstance, of which he can never hear enough; he even purchases a dozen copies of the paper which records the event, and complains that there is no reduction on his taking a quantity. He, no doubt, would have been pleased had this rain of photographs descended in his time; but then it was Mr. Meek's first. My correspondent signs himself "Quiverful."

Mr. Justice Bruce has broken silence on a matter on which it especially behoves Judges to speak, because no others have greater experience of it, and also because it is connected with the law it is their duty to administer, wherein Judges do not lightly propose amendments. Laymen have long felt that the trying of cases in open court of an indecent nature, in which women and children have to give evidence before a crowd of curious and prurient spectators, is a public disgrace. There is no more necessity for publicity than in executions, which it has long been agreed only demoralise the beholders. There are plenty of persons whose presence is essential to see that there is no failure of justice, and beyond these none should be admitted. Any-one who has been compelled to be present at a scene of this kind can judge for himself the effect it has upon the on-lookers who have no business there. It is amazing that the people who prate about the brutalising of the garrotter by corporal punishment have not had a word to say against the wholesale demoralisation effected by this system. The satisfaction it affords to nine-tenths of the crowd is twofold; first, the disgusting details, and secondly, the spectacle of the shameful embarrassment which it causes the women and children who have to give them. A poet has described, without offence, the infamous effect of merely indecent literature—

The scrofulous French novel,
On grey paper and blunt type!
Simply glance at it, you grovel
Hand and foot in Belial's gripe.

And yet what is the demoralisation of a filthy novel compared with these shocking scenes, that are, as it were, the illustrations to it? If Mr. Justice Bruce's indignant denunciation causes the system to be abolished, he will have done a greater service to the country than it is possible to estimate. It is curious that objection should have continually been made to the printing of such horrors, but none against this gratuitous publication of them.

A poor fellow has been sent to prison for months for selling parrots that keep silence. This is surely a miscarriage of justice. It was wrong of him, of course, to pretend that they could speak when they couldn't, but that's a detail: the point is that in selling silent parrots instead of squawking ones he was a benefactor of the human race, and now (like many another) he is paying for it. No one thought of prosecuting the organ-grinder who a few years ago used to turn the handle and show his teeth, just like his fellows, though his instrument emitted no sound. On the contrary, people rewarded him for the very offence for which the parrot-seller is "languishing in chains"; that is, for pretending to do the thing he knew would not be done. One cannot but reflect how much brighter the world would be if some persons who lead us to imagine that they are going to do this and that, presumably to please us, failed to fulfil our expectations. If the famous diner-out to whom everything that is said suggests a narrative ("By the bye, that reminds me of an anecdote") should now and then have a failure of memory, how delightful would be his flashes of silence! Or, if the learned gentleman so apt at classical quotation, and who is invited to our banquets for that reason, would occasionally forget his authorities, how nice that would be! "Heaven keep my memory green" is a noble sentiment, but, like some other pious aspirations, it is by no means free from egotism. As to parrots, the most silent and most sensible of its race of whom there is any record never spoke a word save in its master's presence, and when he died, remained dumb for the rest of its existence. This was set down to a grief too deep for words, till it was accidentally discovered that his proprietor had been a ventriloquist.

If I were given to commerce, I would start a concern that would surely pay in a time when not to have published a work of fiction is quite a distinction. Think of the thousands of ladies and gentlemen who have their stories written, but dare not, for their lives, give a name to them; for if it is a good one, it is ten to one—since Stationers' Hall is useless to help them—that they will hit upon one that has been used already, when they will fall victims to those enterprising publishers, who seem to be delivered of novels stillborn for no other purpose than to extort the blackmail in question. A company, therefore, that for a proportionate fee would christen an author's novel for him, and guarantee him against consequences, would be bound to succeed. As it is, if the child is to be named without risk, the parent has to invent a name, obviously unsuitable, because so outlandish that no other godfather has ever dreamt of using it. And this must be the reason why Mrs. Steel has entitled her last story "On the Face of the Waters." One would have thought it was one of Mr. Clark Russell's. However misnamed, it is a very meritorious piece of work. Its subject is that inexhaustible one, the Indian Mutiny, and with the exception of "Eight Days" it has no superior. The knowledge it exhibits of the thoughts and ways of the natives is more complete. The acknowledged intention of the author is to combine a history of the Mutiny with her story, a proceeding which, successful on the one hand, is a drawback on the other. An illustrious personage once showed me a picture of his garden in which photographs of a proportionate size of the friends who frequented it were placed, sitting or standing as they were accustomed to do. The effect was strange and anomalous. A similar failure results from the mingling of real personages in a story with which they have no connection with imaginary ones. Nicholson, for example, obviously the author's hero, is contrasted by the reader with Douglas, the hero of the novel, and somewhat dwarfs him. Apart from this, the book is excellent. Tara and Soma are most interesting native types; the intrigues of the Palace are capitally described; and the whole siege of Delhi—viewed both from within and without—is depicted with a graphic pen. A strong thread of interest—in the relations between Douglas and Mrs. Erlton and the dangers from which he rescues her—is maintained throughout; and there are many both exciting and pathetic scenes. Little "Sonny" and his cockatoo, who cries "Deen! Deen! Futeh Mahomed!" (For the Faith! for the Faith! Victory to Mahomed!) are acquaintances to be remembered. When the English rule is shattered the bird gets its little master into trouble—

What was that through the stillness and the peace? A child's pitiful scream . . .

She was at the closed windows in an instant, peering through the slits of the jalousies; but there was nothing to be seen save a blare and blaze of sunlight on sun-scorched grass and sun-withered beds of flowers. Nothing! Stay! Christ help us! What was that? A vision of white and gold and blue. White garments and white wings, golden curls and flaming golden crest, fierce grey-blue beak and claws among the fluttering blue ribbons—Sonny! His little feet flying and failing fast among the flower-beds. Sonny! still holding his favourite's chain in the unconscious grip of terror, while, half-dragged, half-flying, the wide white wings fluttered over the child's head.

"Deen! Deen! Futeh Mahomed!" That was from the bird, terrified, yet still gentle.

"Deen! Deen! Futeh Mahomed!" That was from the old man who followed fast on the child with long lance in rest like a pig-sticker's. An old man in a faded green turban with a spiritual, relentless face.

Except Rudyard Kipling, no one knows so much about the native as Mrs. Steel, and no one has used the knowledge to better purpose.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

If you were to dissect "A White Elephant," which is crowding the Comedy Theatre, you would find it as strange a structure as the living lion stuffed with straw which makes the nursery roar. Precisely for the same reason the grown-up audience bubbles over with merriment at many a turn in Mr. Carton's latest play. From high comedy it works its way down through the entire strata of stage convention to mere farce. Yet each is so good of its kind, and the whole is so easily written and so cleverly acted, that you do not resent the transitions. Why, indeed, analyse it at all, since it possesses the rare gift of making you laugh heartily? The central situation is the elopement of a young couple and of an elderly pair of love-birds. To aid the first a lady of rank who has espoused a man of commerce runs up to town with her cousin, the Hon. Stacey Gillam; and her husband and her father pursue them to London, only to find under the same roof the two eloping couples and an American lady who once flirted with the man of commerce and is now engaged to the Hon. Stacey. At that point the story becomes farcical. With Miss Lottie Venne as the American and Mr. Charles Hawtrey as the Hon. Stacey, we had a return to the tactics of the Comedy campaign of years ago—pertness pitted against splendid effrontery. Miss Compton (Mrs. R. C. Carton) was the lady of rank. One says "was," because she acted so cleverly as to eliminate the fact that it was only make-believe after all. Mr. Kemble as a gouty cattle-breeder, Mr. Eric Lewis as a young elderly peer, and Mrs. Charles Calvert as a London caretaker, were exceptionally funny. "A White Elephant," indeed, is stuffed with laughter.

There are still those among us who look on Ibsen as the biggest white elephant of the modern stage. They point scoffingly to the fanfare of triumph that greeted Miss Janet Achurch's Nora at the Novelty Theatre seven and a half years ago, to the recurring resurrections of the Norwegian at tentative matinées, to the fact that not one manager save Mr. Trec has staged Ibsen. That must be frankly admitted. On the other hand, we have an increasing body of players eager to act Ibsen; and when three such actresses as Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Miss Elizabeth Robins, and Miss Janet Achurch came forward on the afternoon of Nov. 23 to play "Little Eyolf," the Avenue Theatre was crowded by the increasing number of playgoers as no Ibsen production in London had been before. Thanks to Mr. William Archer and Mr. Heinemann, the play is familiar to book readers—a strange play; capable, on the one hand, of infinite ridicule; equally fitted, on the other, to grip one with its poignant interest. In point of construction, of stage craft, of technique, it is as powerful as anything Ibsen has ever done. Its philosophy, too, lies well within the grasp of anybody who can think. In these three acts Ibsen puts the why and the wherefore of a whole gamut of "Keystones." If you suffer from preconceived notions as to the limits of the stage you may repudiate it all; but you cannot fail to be interested in this tragedy of child life and of parenthood. It was, on the whole, admirably acted. Everybody was eager to see Mrs. Patrick Campbell for the first time in an Ibsen rôle. She had only the small part of the Rat-wife, but she lived up to one's high expectations. Rarely have her low, incisive tones told with more appropriate effect than here. Miss Robins had not the chances given to her by Hilda Wang, but she made every line tell. Miss Achurch, apparently bent on correcting her Australian methods, has lapsed into under-acting; and, of all parts, that of Rita Allmers does not admit of this.

Master Stewart Dawson, who made such a hit as the child reared amid very similar circumstances in "A Woman's Reason," showed great intelligence in Little Eyolf. Mr. Courtenay Thorpe was far too slight as the husband, who jangles a series of crude philosophical ideas from the theory of human responsibility to the doctrine of the law of chance. When he tried to rise to the occasion, as Mr. Waring did in "The Master-BUILDER," he was merely melodramatic. Mr. Lowne, from the school of Toole, was the optimistic engineer Borgheim, and at many a point he helped his colleagues to strike the right key to keep in tune. Altogether a fascinating production.

On the evening of the same day as the production of "Little Eyolf," that famous law of change demonstrated its existence when Mr. Bancroft read Dickens's "Christmas Carol" at the Queen's Hall in behalf of the Cancer Ward of Middlesex Hospital. Picturesque as ever, with a fine knowledge of the whole notation demanded at the reading desk, he held a crowded audience spellbound, so that you could not fail to be convinced that while the law of change has made room for a realist like Ibsen, it has left to Dickens the devotion that his fellow-countrymen have always been ready to accord him.

It was at the Prince of Wales's Theatre that Ibsen made his first acquaintance with the English playgoer, when Mr. Henry Arthur Jones and Mr. Henry Herman adapted "A Doll's House" into "A Broken Butterfly." The butterfly of musical burlesque still flits there, and in the facile hands of Mr. Arthur Roberts is likely to do so for a long time. When he donned "The White Silk Dress" the other month, he and his audience were very conscious that it did not fit. But this mercurial comedian is not the man to put up with a misfit. His inventive turn of humour has been at work since the first night, and on Nov. 24 he showed us how he has worked on that mysterious "Dress" until it fits him admirably. The piece has become very amusing in the Roberts vein.

THE LATE SIR BENJAMIN RICHARDSON.

The year which is now drawing to its close has earned a melancholy distinction in the annals of medicine by reason of the number of eminent physicians who have passed away within its span; for to an obituary list which already includes the names of such famous medical men as Sir J. Russell Reynolds and Sir John Erichsen there has now been added that of the talented and widely popular Sir Benjamin Richardson. The suddenness of the famous physician's death, on Saturday last, was fraught with a peculiar dismay for the various circles, professional and social, in which he was more intimately known, for Sir Benjamin practically died in the harness which he had worn so honourably throughout a long and active career. But a week before his death he took the chair at a temperance lecture given by Dr. Lees at Sion College, Victoria Embankment, at which he also spoke with his usual eloquence and precision. On Wednesday in last week, apparently in his usual health and spirits, he attended a meeting in the City, from which he returned home to correct the final proofs of his forthcoming volume of "Memories and Ideas." In the course of the evening he was overtaken by an apoplectic seizure, and though he lingered until Saturday, he never recovered consciousness.

Benjamin Ward Richardson was born sixty-eight years ago at Somerby, Leicestershire, and was educated first at Barrow-on-the-Hill and subsequently at Anderson's University, Glasgow. Having graduated in medicine at St. Andrews he passed to London, to win, by examination, his membership of the Royal College of Physicians. That was just forty years ago, and five years later he was elected a Fellow of the same institution. Although he never became

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

In a little while we shall be reading the accounts of the banquet given to Madame Sarah Bernhardt by the representatives of French art and letters, science, and finance, and it is more than probable that all the old stories about her will be dished up again. The one most commonly current is that a Berlin Jewess came to Paris to make her fortune about the early forties, that she married Bernhardt, and gave birth to her now famous daughter about a twelvemonth later (1844). Sarah Bernhardt, dear reader, is no more the daughter of a Berlin Jewess than you or I; she is the child of an Amsterdam Jewess, named either Kinsbergen or Magu—the family seems to have been a large one, and some of its members took the latter name in preference to their own, probably for reasons connected with their profession, which was that of showmen. There are dozens of them alive in the capital of Holland.

Sarah then, on the mother's side, was what the French call *un enfant de la balle*, for it is more than likely that her mother came to Paris to fulfil a longer or shorter engagement when she met with Bernhardt. What and who was Bernhardt? The evidence with regard to him was more difficult to obtain than that with regard to the mother, but he was probably a Swiss or Dutch skilled artisan, who fell in love with the attractive and clever horsewoman, for all these riders, both men and women, were exceedingly clever. Many, many years ago a whole company of that ilk, the Blanuses and Dassies, gave performances at the Holborn Theatre, and evoked the admiration of all who saw them.

Sarah was born a few doors distant from the house in which Marat was stabbed to death by Charlotte Corday. There is a tradition that her father had her educated in a convent, which tradition, on the face of it, should be taken with a considerable grain of salt, considering that, when she began to prepare herself for the profession she was so gloriously to illustrate, she was the despair of her tutors in virtue of her abominable accent. Admitting that she suffered from that drawback while at home, a twelvemonth amidst the refining surroundings of a convent would have simply made an end of it.

I need not follow Madame Bernhardt step by step through the beginning of her career. The main facts are sufficiently well known up to the time when she left the Comédie Française in a huff, just as Mdlle. Sylvanie Plessy had done before her thirty-five years previously, and for absolutely the same reason—namely, because the critics had been too severe on her impersonation of the principal part of Augier's "Aventurière." Mdlle. Plessy went back after two years; Madame Bernhardt never went back. The Comédie Française boasted that it could do without her; it has to a certain extent made good its boast by curtailing its classical répertoire, and by trying to persuade the patrons of the "House of Molière" that Mdlle. Dudlay was as good as Sarah Bernhardt. It took the late M. Emile Perrin about five years, and it has taken the present M. Jules Claretie a little over ten; it may well be doubted whether either of them succeeded to the smallest appreciable degree. Great tragic actresses cannot be ordered to pattern; no amount of education, training, or refined surroundings will supply that one spark of genius without which their efforts "do not travel over the footlights," to use a French expression. Mdlle. Duchesnois had scarcely a rag to cover her emaciated body when she presented herself to the father of the veteran playwright, M. Ernest Legouvé, but

the Academician of the First Empire perceived immediately that "she would do, and more than do." Her blunders with regard to history, whether ancient or modern, when she was off the stage, have become proverbial, but when she had donned the classical dress all her ignorance disappeared.

Rachel was more intelligent in everyday life. Though her original condition was even more lowly than that of the daughter of the provincial innkeeper, she had the advantage of a clever father, who took her to see the statuary at the Louvre, probably with the intention of impressing her with the majestic attitudes of the masterpieces of Greek art, so that she might finally get her living like a good many young Jewesses of her day: by sitting for painters and sculptors. Rachel could enact the *grande dame* exceedingly well, but in her inmost heart she was a greedy Bohemian Jewess, who knew that her want of breeding had to be kept down by constant supervision.

Sarah Bernhardt may not be a *grande dame* by birth; in fact, she is not, but she has all the instincts of the *grande dame*. She has never committed a mean act in money matters: Rachel scarcely did anything else. Rachel could not have played "Théodora" and "La Tosca." I need not remind the reader what Sarah Bernhardt has done with these parts. Enough, Madame Bernhardt is absolutely the greatest tragic actress of modern days. In comedy she has a formidable rival in Eleonora Duse. The latter's talent is none the less great because she is of a very retiring and modest disposition. Sarah, with the cleverness of her Jewish blood, knew the nation with whom she has had to deal. Fickle, *frouleur*, apt to destroy on the morrow what they worshipped the day before, Madame Bernhardt has made good her claim to be as intellectually strong as the strongest of them, although the manifestation of that strength did not always commend itself to the more sober minded. It is but fit that she should have her reward.



THE LATE SIR BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON.

President of the College, perhaps because his vigorous personality led him into too many divergences from the strait way which leads to the loftiest collegiate offices, he was subsequently President of the Medical Society of London, thirty-two times President of the St. Andrews Medical Graduates' Association, Assessor for the General Council in the University Court of St. Andrews, a Fellow of the Royal Society, and an honorary member of many scientific bodies, English and Continental. These distinctions were slowly but surely earned by very notable service in the development of medical science. In 1865 Dr. Richardson's researches into the spreading of contagious diseases led to the important discovery of one poisonous element, which he named "Septine," common to certain varying types of disease. A year later, in adherence to his favourite principle of avoiding the attendant evils of the surgical art, he inaugurated the ether spray for the prevention of pain in operations, and brought methylene bichloride into vogue as an anaesthetic. His "lethal chamber," for the painless killing of animals, was another outcome of the same crusade against pain; but his various important additions to medical knowledge are too numerous to be mentioned in detail. They find, however, a fitting summary in the mention of the testimonial presented to him eighteen years ago in the form of a microscope and a purse of one thousand guineas by six hundred men of science. In the popular mind Dr. Richardson, who became Sir Benjamin two years ago, is probably chiefly associated with his authoritative advocacy of temperance and his discriminating encouragement of all kinds of athletics for both sexes. His sketch of a model city of health to be called "Hygeia," delivered at the Social Science Congress at Brighton in 1875, was perhaps one of his most valuable gifts to his generation. His contributions to medical literature are many and important; and he wrote an historical romance, "The Son of a Star," which met with a favourable reception a few years ago.



A DUTCH FISHING VILLAGE.

LORD DUFFERIN.

The Marquis of Dufferin, on his return from the arduous duties of British Ambassador in Paris, has received a welcome which must have satisfied him that he has deserved the confidence and approval of his countrymen while in office as their representative. The reception given to him in Ireland has, doubtless, been particularly gratifying to him, and he has soon resumed his active interest in Irish politics by his strongly worded support of the work of the Irish Recess Committee. Lady Dufferin and Lady Hermione Blackwood have naturally come in for their share of welcome in the festivities given at Belfast, where "Lady Dufferin's Health" was one of the toasts, and at Bangor, where Lord and Lady Dufferin were received by the clergy and vestry amid a scene of general rejoicing.

ARMENIAN REFUGEES.

The Bulgarian authorities at Varna have been much cumbered by the difficulty of providing for the great number of Armenians who have taken refuge within their gates since the beginning of the recent massacres at Constantinople. At the end of October, Vice-Consul Brophy wrote from Varna to the effect that between fourteen and fifteen thousand panic-stricken Armenians had landed, more than eight thousand of whom remained in the town. Our Illustration shows a group of Armenians at the Varna hospital, which has been placed at their disposal by the Bulgarian Government. The local Armenian Relief Committee are making an appeal not only for funds, but for presents of clothing for the poor creatures who left their homes in summer garments utterly insufficient to protect them in winter.



THE MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA IN HIS STUDY

MUSIC.

The last three Lamoureux Concerts proved conclusively—if further proof, indeed, were wanted—that in this French conductor we possess an artist of the finest quality, a musician of the acutest intelligence, and an organiser of singular power. His playing of the "Eroica" Symphony and the Seventh of Beethoven was literally superb; it would be impossible to conceive anything more massive or more clearly right. His last programme on Saturday, too, was quite ideal in the mere choice of works. He gave us, besides the Seventh Symphony, the Berlioz Queen Mab Scherzo, the Good Friday music from "Parsifal," and three selections from "Die Meistersinger." They were all played exquisitely, especially the last.

M. Eugène D'Albert on Tuesday afternoon gave a recital at the St. James's Hall, consisting entirely of the pianoforte work of Beethoven. By that achievement he placed himself in the very front rank of living pianoforte players. Self-restrained, delicate, yet for ever strong and virile, he displayed not only an extraordinary technical skill, but also intellectual qualities very rare and splendid. He devoted himself mostly to the later sonatas, which was perhaps a pity. Still, he gave us so much of what is fine that we forgive him this small detail.

The performance, too late for notice this week, of the "Messiah," announced to be given at Westminster Abbey on Thursday night, is an exceedingly gratifying matter to all who care anything about the conditions under which oratorio should be given. Handel, at all events, had the cathedral in view for all his sacred compositions, and it is so rare that this design is now carried out that this solitary occasion deserves prominent record.



ARMENIAN REFUGEES AT THE HOSPITAL AT VARNA.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Windsor Castle, has been visited by her sons: the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, with the Duchess, on Nov. 18, and again from Friday to Monday; and the Duke of Connaught, who came on Saturday with the Duchess of Connaught and their children. They were joined by Princess Christian. The birthday of their sister the Empress Frederick of Germany was observed by the royal family party at the Castle, her promised visit to England having been postponed until after that day. The Queen received General Sir Herbert Kitchener, Sirdar of the Egyptian army, upon whom she conferred the Knighthood of the Bath; also the Hon. Michael Herbert, Secretary of the British Embassy at Constantinople, who is appointed a Companion of the Bath; Sir Horace Rumbold and Sir Edmund Monson, the newly appointed Ambassadors to Vienna and to Paris, with Lady Rumbold and Lady Monson, have also been received as guests of her Majesty, whose other guests have been the Earl and Countess of Pembroke and the Bishop of Ripon.

Little show of political activity in our own country has taken place during the past week. The speeches of the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour at the Rochdale meeting of Lancashire Conservatives were followed by his visit to Sheffield, where his discourse at the Master Cutler's Feast was rather of the prospects of British commercial and manufacturing interests. On Saturday Earl Carrington spoke at a Liberal party meeting at Southport, and Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman at Sheffield on Monday. In three electoral constituencies—Blackburn, the Loughborough division of Leicestershire, and Forfarshire—that party has been seeking candidates on account of the intended resignation of the sitting members.

The question of granting aid to the Voluntary schools has been discussed by Lord Peel, at Leamington, and by Lord Hugh Cecil, at Bradford.

The American Ambassador, the Hon. T. F. Bayard, on Friday was at Burnley, in Lancashire, to distribute prizes at the Technical School, and spoke with high gratification of the present friendly relations between England and the United States.

On Saturday the Lord Mayor of London, Alderman Faudel Phillips, who resides in Hertfordshire, was entertained by the Mayor of Hertford at a municipal banquet.

The Archbishop-Designate, Dr. Temple, on Monday addressed a meeting of Churchmen at Bethnal Green on proposed reforms of the law concerning beneficed clergymen and parochial cures.

The London School Board's finance estimate for the half-year ending with September 1897 shows that £875,000 will have to be raised by levying a rate very slightly exceeding the present rate.

At a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, on Monday, Lieutenant Seymour Vandeleur, Scots Guards, related his travels in Uganda, Unyoro, and the Upper Nile regions.

A first section, fifty-five miles long, crossing Derbyshire to Chesterfield, of the "East and West" Railway, by which the colliery districts of that county and of Nottinghamshire will be connected with the seaports of Lincolnshire and Lancashire, and by the Great Eastern Railway also with London, was opened for goods traffic on Nov. 19, and next day, at Sheffield, the first earth-cutting for the further westward section was ceremonially performed by the Duke of Norfolk, Mayor of that town.

The Church of St. George's, Hanover Square, long noted for fashionable marriages, was seriously damaged on Wednesday evening, Nov. 18, by a fire which has almost entirely destroyed the belfry, with part of the roof; but divine service can still be held there.

On Monday morning a terrible disaster by fire happened in a lodging-house in Dorset Street, Portman Square, causing the death of four women, three burnt or suffocated, one killed by jumping from a third-floor window; two of them were Frenchwomen.

A steamer, the *Memphis*, bringing cattle from America, has been wrecked near Dunlough, on the west coast of Ireland; several of the crew were drowned.

The London Municipal Society—president, Sir Horace Farquhar—held its third annual meeting on Monday at the Westminster Palace Hotel. Lord George Hamilton, the Earl of Onslow, Lord James of Hereford, and Sir Edward Clarke were the leading speakers. It was announced that a Bill would be brought into Parliament for annexing Southwark to the City of London; the separate municipal incorporation of Westminster, Kensington, Camberwell, and other parts of the Metropolis, was also recommended. The London County Council management was criticised, and hopes were expressed of creating an efficient local authority for the water supply of London.

In the French Chamber of Deputies, on Saturday, M. Hanotaux, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, made a statement concerning the relations between France and Russia, which he said were fixed by the mutual good understanding at the recent visit of the Czar Nicholas II. to Paris and to the camp at Châlons; and he also replied to questions about Egypt, observing that the present French Ministry came into office too late to do anything to prevent the expedition to Dongola; and, with regard to the application of funds of the Caisse to that expedition, they must wait for the judgment of the Appeal Court at Alexandria upon the legality of that proceeding. But France had never contemplated waiving her legitimate demand for the fulfilment of the engagements into which another nation had entered upon the Egyptian question;

and it was a cause in which the other Powers of Europe now felt interested, so that France would no longer stand alone in seeking its vindication. A Bill to reform the mode of electing the French Senate has been passed by the Chamber of Deputies.

The Prussian Diet (Reichstag) at Berlin, which is quite distinct from that of the German Empire, opened its session last Friday, with a royal speech read by Prince Hohenlohe, and with a satisfactory financial budget for the government of the Kingdom. It is proposed to raise the salaries of the judges and of the school teachers, also to reduce the interest on part of the public debt, to promote railway construction, to do something for the agriculturists, and to pass laws for regulating associations of workmen.

A commercial tariff arrangement with France for German trade with Tunis, under the French protectorate, has been effected on the same terms as were conceded by France to the trade of Austria, Russia, and Switzerland with that North African province.

Duelling among German military officers—and what is much worse, their occasional use of the sword in quarrels with unarmed civilians, as when, recently at Carlsruhe, Lieutenant Brüsewitz, for a slight affront, killed an unfortunate man of the working class, for which he has been found guilty of manslaughter—was the topic of debate in the Imperial Reichstag on two or three days last week. The Minister of War, General von Gossler, talked of its being the duty of the officers to enforce due respect for the honour of the uniform which they wear. The Chancellor of the Empire admitted that it was desirable to

THE BUDDHIST PRAYING-WHEEL.

The author of "The Buddhist Praying-Wheel: a Collection of Material bearing upon the Symbolism of the Wheel and Circular Movements in Custom and Religious Ritual, by William Simpson, R.I., M.R.A.S., etc." (Macmillan and Co.)—needs no introduction to our readers. His travel-pictures have made real many a stirring scene of the battlefield and many a ceremony outside the "pomp and circumstance" of war. Now he comes in the guise of interpreter, by pen as well as pencil, of a remarkable group of allied customs which, still vigorous in the East, have their faint representatives in the West. Everybody has heard of the so-called "praying-wheels" which are worked mechanically for spiritual ends, but never has such graphic description or such full account of them, drawn from personal observation, been furnished as Mr. Simpson supplies in this handsome volume. In 1860, crossing into Tibet, Mr. Simpson exchanged a couple of rupees for a hand praying-wheel. A mere toy it was in contrast to the monster cylinder which he saw

being worked with string and crank by a Lama monk, as sketched in the frontispiece to the book, reproduced here by the courtesy of the publishers. Outside another temple at Soonum was a row of prayer-cylinders ranged like oyster-barrels, and within reach of passers-by; while hard by was a stream in which the prayer-tubs were propelled by water-wheels. In other parts windmills perform the like service, while the smaller domestic praying-wheels are often caused to revolve by the heated air over the fireplace. The more rapid the revolution the greater the merit of the devotee; hence there would seem room for the profitable use of steam-power by the enterprising. But Mr. Simpson makes clear that the term, "praying-wheel" is a misnomer, the machines being vehicles of praise; for although some of the larger ones are filled with books of ritual, becoming, as Mr. Simpson humorously calls them, "circulating libraries," the majority contain a "Mantra," which means "any word, or combination of words, used by way of invocation during an act of worship"—e.g., "Halleluiah" and "Hosanna" would be classed by a Brahman as Mantras. The well-nigh universal Mantra of the Tibetan praying-wheels is "Aum Mani Padmé hūm"—"Adoration to the Jewel in the Lotus," a magic formula, which is the first sentence taught the child and the last uttered by the dying. The virtue of the wheel lies in its being turned sunwise. The reverse action, from right to left, known in folklore as "widdershins," brings evil and disaster, and undoes any merit previously acquired by turning the machine in the orthodox direction. With these cardinal features as data, Mr. Simpson, after leaving Tibet, went in search of other examples of circular movement in ritual in India, both opportunity and zeal uniting to enrich his store. Differences revealed themselves, but they were all modifications of the same idea. Naturally, he looked into Brahmanic custom and creed, since that religion is older than the Buddhist, and there the wheel was found to be a widely recognised symbol of circular movement, as also of ethical teaching. It would seem, in actual practice, to be nearly connected with the worship of Jagannatha, familiarly known as Juggernaut, under whose car, till the British Government prohibited the festival, the devotees of that god crushed themselves, that they might, by such self-immolation, make sure of heaven. But, as compared with the cylinders of Tibet, the older Hindu symbol was, purely and simply, a wheel, and as such is depicted on monuments, thrones, and temples. The discovery of it in Brahmanism, whence popular Buddhism borrowed and, in large degree, materialised it, only throws the question of its origin farther back, and, therefore, much of interest gathers round Mr. Simpson's speculations on that problem.

Recognising, as his wide experience further justifies, the physical basis of all symbolism, he has little difficulty in referring the wheel to some form of primitive nature-worship. And this, in his judgment, is solar; the shape and motions of the sun, and the dependence of all things upon him, according that orb the first place in human adoration, and suggesting the wheel as the fittest and most obvious emblem.

Mr. Simpson, however, brings into prominence another symbol which, on seemingly good grounds, he identifies with the thunderbolt. While the Lama priest twirls or turns the cylinder with one hand he often holds a sceptre-like object in the other. Some very ingenious comparisons, which researches in widespread countries enabled Mr. Simpson to make, appear to establish connection between the two symbols, and this tends, we think, to enlarge the significance of the wheel in its various forms. In other words, as thunder is not connected with the sun, but with the sky, the inference is that the wheel, examples of which, with thunderbolts attached, are depicted in the book, symbolises the great revolving circle of the heavens, in which the sun is a subordinate traveller.

Space forbids us to follow the author in his extended inquiries into practices cognate with those of the Buddhists of Tibet in lands widely severed as Japan and the Highlands. But adequate treatment of the varied matter of his suggestive book would absorb columns of this Journal. Should the volume meet with its deserts in the form of another edition, we would suggest revision of the few sentences which assume the existence of an "Aryan" race, that term being only linguistic. Neither is the common derivation of "yule" from *hjol*, a wheel, longer accepted; experts in philology referring it to M.E. *youllen*—"to cry out," as in festive shout. But these minor fault-finding only show that criticism can at best but brush off a little dust from the "Buddhist Praying-Wheel."



LARGE PRAYING-WHEEL AT SOONUM.

From a Sketch by Mr. William Simpson, serving as Frontispiece to his Book, "The Buddhist Praying-Wheel." (Macmillan and Co.)

reduce the frequency of duels, and it was stated that the Prussian military authorities were considering how to frame a code of regulations with that object in view.

The Emperor of Austria on Tuesday at Budapest opened the session of the newly elected Hungarian Parliament with congratulations upon the unimpaired stability of the Triple Alliance. The young King Alexander of Servia, with one of his Ministers, has been staying at Vienna on his way to visit the King of Italy at Rome; he met the Emperor Francis Joseph, with the King of Roumania, at the late opening of the Iron Gates Canal of the Danube; and he is now also to meet his other ruling neighbours, Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, and Prince Nicholas of Montenegro. At Rome it is expected he will visit the Pope as well as King Humbert.

Ambassadors of the Great Powers at Constantinople, the French Ambassador, M. Cambon, just now apparently taking the lead, probably supported by Russia, continue their efforts to oblige the Sultan to execute the promised administrative reforms in the Turkish Empire. The Armenian General Assembly, which deals with the ecclesiastical affairs of that race or community, has been permitted to elect a Patriarch, or Metropolitan Archbishop, choosing Monsignore Ormanian, the Superior of the clerical Seminary at Armach. Commissioners are sent for the execution of the measures already stipulated in Crete. A Special Tribunal instituted by the Sultan for the trial of persons accused of taking part in the late sanguinary tumults and massacres at Constantinople has been superseded; and several of its judgments, considered to be iniquitous, are to be revised by the Court of Cassation. France insists upon having the sentence of death passed on the Armenian Bishop of Haskeni annulled, and upon the punishment of Colonel Mazhar Bey for putting to death Monsignore Salvatore, at Marash, in Asia Minor.

PERSONAL.

There are rumours of disclosures affecting the relations between Lord Rosebery and Sir William Harcourt. A long correspondence, it is said, will shortly be published illustrating the history of Lord Rosebery's ill-starred leadership of the Liberal party in the light of his significant statement at Edinburgh that a leader in the House of Lords ought to enjoy the confidence and support of his colleague who holds an identical position in the House of Commons. Some gossips aver that this correspondence will put an unfavourable complexion on the part played by Sir William Harcourt, while, on the other hand, it is alleged that his position will be strengthened by any revelations. To the average citizen who wants to gratify a not unreasonable curiosity the promised correspondence offers agreeable possibilities.

The resignation of Mr. Martin White creates a vacancy in the representation of Forfarshire. In the Loughborough Division of Leicestershire there is trouble between the Liberal member, Mr. Johnson-Ferguson, and the local executive of his party. Mr. Johnson-Ferguson attended a licensed victuallers' dinner, and made a speech so sympathetic with the liquor trade that the Temperance party in his constituency is up in arms. The member for Loughborough does not follow Mr. Caine and Sir Wilfrid Lawson, and was probably glad to see the last of the Local Veto Bill. The recrudescence of one of their most serious difficulties has dashed the spirits of the Opposition, though Mr. Balfour has cheered them a little by warning his followers against the assumption that the Liberal party is hopelessly discomfited.

There is considerable expectation that the state of Dr. Jameson's health will impel the Home Secretary to release him. Dr. Jameson has recently undergone a serious operation, and his medical advisers have expressed the belief that his imprisonment must retard his recovery. In these circumstances there seems no reason why the consideration shown to Major Coventry should not be extended to the leader of the Transvaal raid.

A military veteran of considerable note has passed away in the person of General Sir Charles William Dunbar Staveley, who died in

Dublin on Monday last at the age of seventy-nine. Sir Charles Staveley was a son of Lieutenant-General William Staveley, who was in his day a Peninsular officer, and at one time Commander-in-Chief of the forces at Madras. He entered the Army two years before

the Queen's accession, and, after serving in Canada, Mauritius, and Hong-Kong, embarked for the Crimea as a Major of the 44th Regiment. When the regiment sailed he was to have been left at home on account of his bad health, but in after years he would recount with pardonable satisfaction how he secreted himself on board ship, in true stowaway fashion, until the fast receding shore emboldened him to make his presence known to his commanding officer, Sir Augustus Spencer, who laughingly allowed him to continue his voyage.

The ambitious young officer had no cause to regret his zeal, for, after taking part in the battles of Alma and Balaclava, and the occupation of the cemetery and suburbs of Sebastopol, he found himself entrusted with the command of the 44th Regiment at the final fall of Sebastopol itself, and won the dignity of C.B., together with medals and clasps. In the Northern China campaign of 1860 Colonel Staveley was in command of a brigade, and two years later he was Brigadier-General in command of the expedition against the Taipings, and in this capacity won the express approval of the Government. In the Abyssinian Expedition of 1867-68, Brigadier-General Staveley was second in command to Lord Napier, and received further honours after the capture of Magdala, and he was subsequently in command of the forces in Bombay for a long period. Nine years ago he was raised to the full rank of General. He was made a K.C.B. in 1864, and a G.C.B. just twenty years later.

Mr. Gibson Bowles is devoting the Parliamentary recess to a study of the Eastern Question under the personal guidance of the Sultan. This collaboration is so successful that Mr. Bowles already declares his belief in the renewal of British sympathy with the Turkish rule when the facts are thoroughly understood. Before he went to Constantinople Mr. Bowles had commended himself to the Sultan's favourable notice by the opinion that the Cyprus Convention is still binding on England in the sense that we must defend the Turkish Empire by force of arms because the Sultan has, technically, fulfilled his treaty obligations to introduce reforms.

A special compliment has been paid by Australia to Prince Ranjitsinhji. Next year he will visit the Australian colonies with the English team of cricketers, but a new colonial law imposing a heavy poll-tax on every immigrant who is not a white might have been technically applied to him but for the timely intervention of some lover of cricket. A special clause exempting Prince Ranjitsinhji has accordingly been inserted in the statute. This should be noted by the purists who hold that the Prince ought to have been

disqualified for playing against the Australian team last summer because he is not an Englishman.

It is by a curious coincidence that the Navy has lost a distinguished veteran almost simultaneously with the death of so notable a military man as Sir Charles Staveley. Admiral Sir George Henry Richards, who died on Saturday last, had in his time seen much active service. Born seventy-six years ago, the son of a naval Captain, he went to sea in 1832, and three years later served with the *Sulphur and Starling* Expeditions to the west coast of South America, the Pacific Islands, and New Guinea. In the first China War he took part in several actions, and was subsequently appointed a Lieutenant on a vessel bound on a survey of the Falkland Isles. In the combined action of the English and French squadrons against the President of Buenos Ayres on the Maquay and Parana Rivers, he was in charge of the boats of the *Philomel* when they cut off a schooner of the enemy's under a sharp fire. For some four years from 1847 he commanded the *Acheron*, and assisted Admiral Stokes in his survey of the New Zealand coast. He was second in control of the Arctic Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, and subsequently became one of her Majesty's Commissioners in the Oregon Boundary discussion. Thereafter he made chronometrical calculations over a great area, and the value of his many observations won for him the office of Hydrographer to the Navy. When he retired from naval duty, Admiral Richards became director of the Telegraph Construction Company, and turned his vast knowledge of foreign seas to account for the laying of submarine cables. He was knighted nine years ago.

The rather sudden death of Lady Huntingtower at Buckingham Park, near Grantham, will be heard with regret by a large circle of friends, especially in the neighbourhood of Hampton Court. Lady Huntingtower had been a widow for nearly twenty-five years, and her married life was not a wholly placid one, as readers with long memories for the storm and stress of Lord Huntingtower's career will recall. Lady Huntingtower was born Katherine Elizabeth Camilla, youngest daughter of Sir Joseph Burke, Bart., from County Galway, and she is the mother of the present Earl of Dysart, the title to which her husband would have succeeded had he lived a little longer.

England owes a distinct proportion of development in her arts and crafts to the defeat of the Spanish Armada, which not only opened up to her the Empire of the Sea, but left her indubitably with the new strength of national unity, where before had been a people divided against itself. The fresh impulse given to every phase of national life by this new unity is seen in the annals of each art and handicraft, no less than in the wider issues of political history.



A REMINISCENCE OF THE SPANISH ARMADA.

But to-day the art of the English silversmith, which must have learned much from the spoils brought home by the sea-dogs who scoured the Spanish Main, steps backward to reproduce workmanship which, at the time of the Armada

itself, was so fine as scarcely to admit improvement. The Derby Cup, manufactured by Messrs. Elkington, of Regent Street, and won last week at the Derby November Meeting by Sir J. Miller's La Sagesse, is a trophy consisting of a bowl and salver and two large wine-flagons. These flagons are faithful reproductions from one which was washed ashore near Dunluce from one of the vessels of the Armada wrecked upon the wild Irish coast.

Mr. Richard Beavis, R.W.S., who died on the 13th inst. at the ripe age of seventy-two, although his work showed little sign of waning power, was an artist of considerable force and originality. Born at Exmouth in 1824, and originally intended to become an architect, he did not come to London until 1846, when he entered the School of Design, which at that time was located at Somerset House. He applied himself almost exclusively to decorative work, but the teaching there given was wholly inadequate, and the patronage of the public almost non-existent. Mr. Beavis, however, studied on, and by degrees he devoted himself to water-colours. He was elected an Associate of the Royal Water-Colour Society in 1882, and a full member a few years ago. His style showed great freedom of brush and an intimate love of nature and open air, some of his most successful pictures being those dealing with sea-fog, mist, and driving rain.

Mr. Rouss, a blind American millionaire, has proposed that Mr. Edison, or some other man of science, shall restore his sight for a fee of a million dollars. This appears to have risen out of some suggestion of Mr. Edison's that the Röntgen rays might be made useful in cases of the decay of the optic nerve; but the American inventor repudiates the idea that he meditates the actual restoration of sight. Mr. Rouss's appeal to the scientific world in general will not be left without response. There must be a good many oculists quite ready to try their skill on such a patient.

The famous Juxon medal, of which an illustration appeared in our last issue, was sold to Messrs. Spink and Son, the well-known silversmiths, for the sum of £770.

Truly, *ex Africa semper aliquid novi*, to quote from Pliny a pregnant saying familiar to the present-day schoolboy, it is to be feared, rather as the motto of one of Mr. Rider Haggard's titles than as the dictum of a Latin historian.

The latest news from British Central Africa is to the effect that Lieutenant E. G. Alston, an officer attached to Fort Mangoche, has, at the head of a force of but one hundred and ten men, surprised and captured a town



Photo Walery, Regent Street.

LIEUTENANT E. G. ALSTON.

owning a population of some fifty thousand. The Yao chief, Katuri, whose realm lies to the north of Mangoche, has for some time past been giving trouble by his raids into the district immediately east of Fort Johnston, and early in September some of his men carried off from the very gardens of the fort of Mangoche a number of women, including the wives of several of the native garrison.

The Acting Commissioner at once despatched an expedition against Katuri, under the command of Lieutenant Alston. The force, which was composed of sixty regulars, thirty improvised soldiers, and twenty carriers, accomplished its difficult march through desolate country without arousing the alarm of Katuri, and found his large town, estimated to contain some thirty thousand dwellings, all unprepared against attack. After a short skirmish the town was taken by storm by Lieutenant Alston's mere handful of men, and the greater part of it laid low by fire, Katuri himself being taken prisoner. Numbers of Katuri's subjects and several of his vassal chiefs have now sent messages of submission to Fort Mangoche, desiring to be allowed to accept British protection. Much credit is naturally attributed to Lieutenant Alston for his spirited exploit.

There is not much pity, as a rule, for the bigamist. He is assumed to have deliberately betrayed the confidence of two or more lovely women, and the punishment meted out to him is stringent. But one bigamist has actually persuaded a Judge that he did not understand the heinousness of his offence. He is a baker, aged twenty-four, and having parted from his wife just after the wedding, he thought himself free. True, he met her again two years later, when they had a "brief chat"; but he married another lady in all the consciousness of his own innocence. The Judge held that the baker did not understand the binding character of the marriage ceremony, and let him off with a fortnight's imprisonment. But why punish him at all? Clearly there is some subtle spirit in the penny roll which absolves its maker from common obligations.

The New Beeston Cycle Company is to be congratulated on the success of the tricycle fitted with the De Dion Motor, which started from the Hôtel Métropole on Saturday week in the procession of motor-cars to Brighton. As everyone knows, the weather and the condition of the roads were deplorable in the extreme, and it says much for the ingenuity of the makers that one of their earliest models should have displayed such prowess as to run through from start to finish without a hitch, and arrive at Brighton in good time.



HIS COMFORTERS.—BY ROBERT MORLEY.

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ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

CHAPTER XXI.

Never for a moment had Goldsmith felt jealous of the younger men who were understood to be admirers of the Jessamy Bride. He had made humorous verses on some of them, Henry Bunbury had supplied comic illustrations, and Mary and her sister had had their laugh. He could not even now feel jealous of Colonel Gwyn, though he knew that he was a more eligible suitor than the majority whom he had met from time to time at the Hornecks' house. He knew that since Colonel Gwyn had appeared the girl had no thoughts to give to love and suitors. If Gwyn were to go to her immediately and offer himself as a suitor he would meet with a disappointment.

Yes; at the moment he had no reason to feel jealous of the man who had just left him. On the contrary, he felt that he had a right to be exultant at the thought that it was he—he—Oliver Goldsmith—who had been entrusted by Mary Horneck with her secret—with the duty of saving her from the scoundrel who was persecuting her. Colonel Gwyn was a soldier, and yet it was to him that this knight's enterprise had fallen.

He felt that he had every reason to be proud. He had been placed in a position which was certainly quite new to him. He was to compass the rescue of the maiden in distress; and had he not heard of innumerable instances in which the reward of success in such an undertaking was the hand of the maiden?

For half an hour he felt exultant. He had boldly faced an adverse fate all his life; he had grappled with a cruel destiny; and, though the struggle had lasted all his life, he had come out the conqueror. He had become the most distinguished man of letters in England. As Professor at the Royal Academy his superiority had been acknowledged by the most eminent men of the period. And then, although he was plain of face and awkward in manner—nearly as awkward, if far from being so offensive, as Johnson—he had been appointed her own knight by the loveliest girl in England. He felt that he had reason to exult.

But then the reaction came. He thought of himself as compared with Colonel Gwyn—he thought of himself as a suitor by the side of Colonel Gwyn. What would the world say of a girl who would choose him in preference to Colonel Gwyn? He had told Gwyn to survey himself in a mirror in order to learn what chance he would have of being accepted as the lover of a lovely girl. Was he willing to apply the same test to himself?

He had not the courage to glance toward even the small glass which he had—a glass which could reflect only a small portion of his plainness.

He remained seated in his chair for a long time, being saved from complete despair only by the reflection that it was he who was entrusted with the task of freeing Mary Horneck from the enemy who had planned her destruction. This was his one agreeable reflection, and after a time it, too, became tempered by the thought that all his task was still before him: he had taken no step toward saving her.

He started up, called for a lamp, and proceeded to dress himself for the evening. He would dine at a coffee-house in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden Theatre, and visit Mrs. Abington in the Green Room while his play—in which she did not appear—was being acted on the stage.

He was unfortunate enough to meet Boswell in the coffee-house, so that his design of thinking out, while at dinner, the course which he should pursue in regard to the actress—how far he would be safe in confiding in her—was frustrated.

The little Scotchman was in great grief: Johnson had actually quarrelled with him—well, not exactly quarrelled, for it required two to make a quarrel, and Boswell had

steadily refused to contribute to such a disaster. Johnson, however, was so overwhelming a personality in Boswell's eyes that he could almost make a quarrel without the assistance of a second person.

"Psha! Sir," said Goldsmith, "you know as little of Dr. Johnson as you do of the Irish nation and their characteristics."

"Perhaps that is so, but I felt that I was getting to know



He rose from the table and walked out of the coffee-house without a word.

him," said Boswell. "But now all is over; he will never see me again."

"Nay, man, cannot you perceive that he is only assuming this attitude in order to give you a chance of knowing him better?" said Goldsmith.

"For the life of me I cannot see how that could be," cried Boswell after a contemplative pause.

"Why, Sir, you must perceive that he wishes to impress you with a consciousness of his generosity."

"What, by quarrelling with me and declaring that he would never see me again?"

"No, not in that way, though I believe there are some people who would feel that it was an act of generosity on Dr. Johnson's part to remain secluded for a space in order to give the rest of the world a chance of talking together."

"What does it matter about the rest of the world, Sir?"

"Not much, I suppose I should say, since he means me to be his biographer."

Boswell, of course, utterly failed to appreciate the sly tone in which the Irishman spoke, and took him up quite seriously.

"Is it possible that he has been in communication with you, Dr. Goldsmith?" he cried anxiously.

"I will not divulge Dr. Johnson's secrets, Sir," replied Goldsmith, with an affectation of the manner of the man who a short time before had said that Shakspere was pompous.

"Now you are imitating him," said Boswell. "But I perceive that he has told you of our quarrel—our misunderstanding. It arose through you, Sir."

"Through me, Sir?"

"Through the visit of your relative, the Dean, after we had dined at the Crown and Anchor. You see, he bound me down to promise him to tell no one of that unhappy occurrence, Sir; and yet he heard that Garrick has lately been mimicking the Dean—yes, down to his very words, at the Reynolds's, and so he came to the conclusion that Garrick was made acquainted with the whole story by me. He sent for me yesterday, and upbraided me for half an hour."

"To whom did you give an account of the affair, Sir?"

"To no human being, Sir."

"Oh, come now, you must have given it to some one."

"To no one, Sir—that is, no one from whom Garrick could possibly have had the story."

"Ah, I knew, and so did Johnson, that it would be out of the question to expect that you would hold your tongue on so interesting a secret. Well, perhaps this will be a lesson to you in the future. I must not fail to make an entire chapter of this in my biography of our great friend. Perhaps you would do me the favour to write down a clear and as nearly accurate an account as your pride will allow of your quarrel with the Doctor, Sir. Such an account would be an amazing assistance to posterity in forming an estimate of the character of Johnson."

"Ah, Sir, am I not sufficiently humiliated by the reflection that my friendly relations with the man whom I revere more than any living human being are irretrievably ruptured? You will not add to the poignancy of that reflection by asking me to write down an account of our quarrel in order to perpetuate so deplorable an incident?"

"Sir, I perceive that you are as yet ignorant of the duties of the true biographer. You seem to think that a biographer has a right to pick and choose the incidents with which he has to deal—that he may, if he please, omit the mention of any occurrence that may tend to show his hero or his hero's friends in an unfavourable light. Sir, I tell you frankly that your notions of biography are as erroneous as they are mischievous. Mr. Boswell, I am a more conscientious man, and so, Sir, I insist on your writing down while they are still fresh in your mind the very words that passed between you and Dr. Johnson on this matter, and you will also furnish me with a list of the persons—if you have not sufficient paper at your lodgings for the purpose, you can order a ream at the stationer's at the corner—to whom you gave an account of the humiliation of Dr. Johnson by the clergyman who claimed relationship with me, but who was an impostor. Come, Mr. Boswell, be a man, Sir; do not seek to avoid so obvious a duty."

Boswell looked at him, but, as usual, failed to detect the least gleam of a smile on his face.

He rose from the table and walked out of the coffee-house without a word.

"Thank Heaven, I have got rid of that Peeping Tom," muttered Goldsmith. "If I had acted otherwise in regard to him I should not have been out of hearing of his rasping tongue until midnight."

(The very next morning a letter from Boswell was brought to him. It told him that he had sought Johnson the previous evening, and had obtained his forgiveness. "You were right, Sir," the letter concluded. "Dr. Johnson has still further impressed me with a sense of his generosity.")

But as soon as Boswell had been got rid of, Goldsmith hastened to the playhouse in order to consult with the lady who—through long practice—was, he believed, the most ably qualified of her sex to give him advice as to the best way of getting the better of a scoundrel. It was only when he was entering the Green Room that he recollects he had not yet made up his mind as to the exact limitations he should put upon his confidences with Mrs. Abington.

The beautiful actress was standing in one of those

picturesque attitudes which she loved to assume, at one end of the long room. The second act only of "She Stoops to Conquer" had been reached, and as she did not appear in the comedy, she had no need to begin dressing for the next piece. She wore a favourite dress of hers—one which had taken the town by storm a few months before, and which had been imitated by every lady of quality who had more respect for fashion than for herself. It was a negligently flowing gown of some soft but heavy fabric, very low and loose about the neck and shoulders.

"Ha, my little hero," cried the lady when Goldsmith approached and made his bow, first to a group of players who stood near the door, and then to Mrs. Abington. "Ha, my little hero, whom have you been drubbing last? Oh, lud! to think of your beating a critic! Your courage sets us all a-dying of envy. How we should love to pommel some of our critics! There was a rumour last night that the man had died, Dr. Goldsmith."

"The fellow would not pay such a tribute to my powers, depend on't, Madam," said Goldsmith.

"Not if he could avoid it, I am certain," said she. "Faith, Sir, you gave him a pretty fair drubbing anyhow. 'Twas the talk of the playhouse, I give you my word. Some vastly pretty things were said about you, Dr. Goldsmith. It would turn your head if I were to repeat them all. For instance, a gentleman in this very room last night said that it was the first case that had come under his notice of a doctor's making an attempt upon a man's life, except through the legitimate professional channel."

"If all the pretty things that were spoken were no prettier than that, Mrs. Abington, you will not turn my head," said Goldsmith. "Though, for that matter, I vow that to effect such a purpose you only need to stand before me in that dress—ay, or any other."

"Oh, Sir, I protest that I cannot stand before such a fusilade of compliment—I sink under it, Sir—thus," and she made an exquisite courtesy. "Talk of turning heads! do you fancy that actresses' heads are as immovable as their hearts, Dr. Goldsmith?"

"I trust that their hearts are less so, Madam, for just now I am extremely anxious that the heart of the most beautiful and most accomplished should be moved," said Goldsmith.

"You have only to give me your word that you have written as good a comedy as 'She Stoops to Conquer' with a better part for me in it than that of Miss Hardcastle."

"I have the design of one in my head, Madam."

"Then, faith, Sir, 'tis lucky that I did not say anything to turn your head. Dr. Goldsmith, my heart is moved already. See how easy it is for a great author to effect his object where a poor actress is concerned. And you have begun the comedy, Sir?"

"I cannot begin it until I get rid of a certain tragedy that is in the air. I want your assistance in that direction."

"What! Do you mistake the farce of drubbing a critic for a tragedy, Dr. Goldsmith?"

"Psha, Madam! What do you take me for? Even if I were as poor a critic as Kenrick I could still discriminate between one and t'other. Can you give me half an hour of your time, Mrs. Abington?"

"With all pleasure, Sir. We shall sit down. You wear a tragedie face, Dr. Goldsmith."

"I need to do so, Madam, as I think you will allow when you hear all I have to tell you."

"Oh, lud! You frighten me. Pray begin, Sir."

"How shall I begin? Have you ever had to encounter the devil, Madam?"

"Frequently, Sir. Alas! I fear that I have not always prevailed against him as successfully as you did in your encounter with one of his family—a critic. Your story promises to be more interesting than your face suggested."

"I have to encounter a devil, Mrs. Abington, and I come to you for help."

"Then you must tell me if your devil is male or female. If the former, I think I can promise you my help; if the latter, do not count on me. When the foul fiend assumes the form of an angel of light—which I take to be the way St. Paul meant to convey the idea of a woman—he is too powerful for me, I frankly confess."

"Mine is a male fiend."

"Not the manager of a theatre—another form of the same hue?"

"Nay, dear Madam, there are degrees of blackness."

"Ah, yes; positive bad, comparative Baddeley, superlative Colman."

"If I could compose a phrase like that, Mrs. Abington, I should be the greatest wit in London, and ruin my life going from coffee-house to coffee-house repeating it."

"Pray do not tell Mrs. Baddeley that I made it, Sir."

"How could I, Madam, when you have just told me that a she-devil was more than you could cope with?"

CHAPTER XXII.

"And now, Sir, to face the particulars—to proceed from the fancy embroidery of wit to the solid fabric of fact—who or what is the aggressive demon that you want exorcised?"

"His name is Jackson—he calls himself Captain Jackson," replied Oliver. "He had not made up his mind how much he should tell of Mary Horneck's story. He blamed

Boswell for interrupting his consideration of this point after he had dined; though it is doubtful if he would have made any substantial advance in that direction even if the unhappy Scotchman had not thrust himself and his grievance upon him.

"Jackson—Captain Jackson!" cried the actress. "Why, Dr. Goldsmith, this is a very little fiend that you ask me to help you to destroy. Surely, Sir, he can be crushed without my assistance: one does not ask for a battering-ram to overturn a house of cards—one does not requisition a park of artillery to demolish a sparrow."

"Nay, but if a blunderbuss be not handy, one should avail oneself of the power of a piece of ordnance," said Goldsmith. "The truth is, Madam, that in this matter I represent only the blunder of the blunderbuss."

"If you drift into wit, Sir, we shall never get on. I know 'tis hard for you to avoid it; but time is flying. What has this Captain Jackson been doing that he must be sacrificed? You must be straight with me."

"I'm afraid it has actually come to that. Well, Mrs. Abington, in brief, there is a lady in the question."

"Oh! you need scarce dwell on so inevitable an incident as that: I was waiting for the lady."

"She is the most charming of her sex, Madam."

"I never knew one that wasn't. Don't waste time over anything that may be taken for granted."

"Unhappily she was all unacquainted with the wickedness of men."

"I wonder in what part of the world she lived—certainly not in London."

"Staying with a relation in the country, this fellow Jackson appeared upon the scene—"

"Ah! the most ancient story that the world knows: Innocence, the Garden, the Serpent. Alas! Sir, there is no return to the Garden of Innocence, even though the serpent be slaughtered."

"Pardon me, Mrs. Abington"—Goldsmith spoke slowly and gravely—"pardon me. This real story is not so commonplace as that of my Olivia. Destiny has more resources than the most imaginative composer of fiction."

In as direct a fashion as possible he told the actress the pitiful story of how Mary Horneck was imposed upon by the glamour of the man who let it be understood that he was a hero, only incapacitated by a wound from taking any further part in the campaign against the rebels in America; and how he refused to return her the letters which she had written to him, but had threatened to print them in such a way as would give them the appearance of having been written by a guilty woman.

"The lady is prostrated with grief," he said, concluding his story. "The very contemplation of the possibility of her letters being printed is killing her, and I am convinced that she would not survive the shame of knowing that the scoundrel had carried out his infamous threat."

"'Tis a sad story indeed," said Mrs. Abington. "The man is as bad as bad can be. He claimed acquaintance with me on that famous night at the Pantheon, though I must confess that I had only a vague recollection of meeting him before his regiment was ordered across the Atlantic to quell the rebellion in the plantations. Only two days ago I heard that he had been drummed out of the army, and that he had sunk to the lowest point possible for a man to fall to in this world. But surely you know that all the fellow wants is to levy what was termed on the Border of Scotland 'blackmail' upon the unhappy girl? 'Tis merely a question of guineas, Dr. Goldsmith. You perceive that? You are a man?"

"That was indeed my first belief; but, on consideration, I have come to think that he is fiend enough to aim only at the ruin of the girl," said Goldsmith.

"Psha! Sir, I believe not in this high standard of crime. I believe not in the self-sacrifice of such fellows for the sake of their principles," cried the lady. "Go to the fellow with your guineas and shake them in a bag under his nose, and you shall quickly see how soon he will forego the dramatic elements in his attitude, and make an ignoble grab at the coins."

"You may be right," said he. "But from whence are the guineas to come, pray?"

"Surely the lady's friends will not see her lost for the sake of a couple of hundred pounds."

"Nay; but her aim is to keep the matter from the ears of her friends. She would be overcome with shame were it to reach their ears that she had written letters of affection to such a man."

"She must be a singularly unpractical young lady, Dr. Goldsmith."

"If she had not been more than innocent would she, think you, have allowed herself to be imposed on by a stranger?"

"Alas! Sir, if there were no ladies like her in the world, you gentlemen who delight us with your works of fiction would have to rely solely on your imagination; and that means going to another world. But to return to the matter before us: you wish to obtain possession of the letters? How do you suggest that I can help you to accomplish that purpose?"

"Why, Madam, it is you to whom I come for suggestions. I saw the man in conversation with you first at the Pantheon, and then in this very room. It occurred to me that perhaps—it might be possible—in short,

Mrs. Abington, that you might know of some way by which the scoundrel could be entrapped."

"You compliment me, Sir. You think that the entrapping of unwary men—and of wary—is what Nature and Art have fitted me for—nature and practice?"

"I cannot conceive a higher compliment being paid to a woman, dear Madam. But, in truth, I came to you because you are the only lady with whom I am acquainted who with a kind heart combines the highest intelligence. That is why you are our greatest actress. The highest intelligence is valueless on the stage unless it is associated with a heart that beats in sympathy with the sorrow and becomes exultant with the joy of others. That is why I regard myself as more than fortunate in having your promise to accept a part in my next comedy."

Mrs. Abington smiled as she saw through the very transparent art of the author, reminding her that she would have her reward if she helped him out of his difficulty.

"I can understand how ladies look on you with great favour, Sir," said the actress. "Yes, in spite of your

of weapons, and you, Sir, I perceive, have been the victim of a dart. Now, I must hasten to dress for my part or there will be what Mr. Daly of Smock Alley, Dublin, used to term 'ructions.'"

She gave him her hand with a delightful smile and hurried off, but not before he had bowed over her hand, imprinting on it a clumsy but very effective kiss.

He remained in the theatre until the close of the performance; for he was not so utterly devoid of guile as to know that if he had departed without witnessing Mrs. Abington in the second piece she would have regarded him as far from civil. Seeing him in a side box, however, that clever lady perceived that he had taste as well as tact. She felt that it was a pleasure to do anything for such a man—especially as he was a writer of plays. It would be an additional pleasure to her if she could so interpret a character in a play of his that the play should be the most notable success of the season.

As Goldsmith strolled back to his chambers he felt that he had made some progress in the enterprise with which he had been entrusted. He did not feel elated, but only

"Alas! alas! the latter is more widely represented in this evil world, Mrs. Abington," said Oliver, so gravely that the actress roared with laughter.

"You have too fine a comedy face to be sentimental, Dr. Goldsmith," said she. "But to business. I tell you I even smiled upon the gentleman, for I have found that the traps which are netted with silk are invariably the most effective."

"You have found that by your experience of traps?" said Goldsmith. "The smile is the silken net?"

"Even so," said she, giving an excellent example of the fatal mesh. "Ah, Dr. Goldsmith, you would do well to avoid the woman who smiles on you."

"Alas! Madam, the caution is thrown away upon me; she smiles not on me, but at me."

"Thank Heaven for that, Sir. No harm will come to you through being smiled at. How I stray from my text! Well, Sir, the wretch, in response to the encouragement of my smile, had the effrontery to ask me for my private address, upon which I smiled again. Ah, Sir, 'tis diverting when the fly begins to lure on the spider."



She gave him her hand with a delightful smile and hurried off, but not before he had bowed over her hand, imprinting on it a clumsy but very effective kiss.

being—being—ah—innocent—a poet, and of possessing other disqualifications, you are a delightful man, Dr. Goldsmith; and by Heaven, Sir, I shall do what I can to—to—well, shall we say to put you in a position of earning the lady's gratitude?"

"That is the position I long for, dear Madam."

"Yes, but only to have the privilege of foregoing your claim. I know you, Dr. Goldsmith. Well, supposing you come to see me here in a day or two—that will give both of us a chance of still further considering the possibility of successfully entrapping our friend the Captain. I believe it was the lady who suggested the trap to you: you, being a man, were doubtless for running your enemy through the vitals or for cutting his throat without the delay of a moment."

"Your judgment is unerring, Mrs. Abington."

"Ah, you see, it is the birds that have been in the trap who know most about it. Besides, does not our dear dead friend Will Shakspere say, 'Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps?'"

"Those are his words, Madam, though at this moment I cannot quite perceive their bearing."

"Oh, lud! Why, dear Sir, Cupid's mother's daughters resemble their little step-brother in being fond of a change

tranquilly confident that his judgment had not been at fault when it suggested to him the propriety of consulting with Mrs. Abington. This was the first time that propriety and Mrs. Abington were associated.

The next day he got a message that the success of his play was consolidated by a "command" performance at which the whole of his Majesty's Court would attend. This news elated him, not only because it meant the complete success of the play and the overthrow of the sentimentalists who were still harping upon the "low" elements of certain scenes, but also because he accepted it as an incident of good augury. He felt certain that Mrs. Abington would have discovered a plan by which he should be able to get possession of the letters.

When he went to her after the lapse of a few days, he found that she had not been unmindful of his interests.

"The fellow had the effrontery to stand beside my chair in the Mall yesterday," said she, "but I tolerated him—nay, I encouraged him—not for your sake, mind; I do not want you to fancy that you interest me, but for the sake of the unhappy girl who was so nearly making a shocking fool of herself. Only one girl interests me more than she who nearly makes a fool of herself, and that is she who actually makes the fool of herself."

"Tis vastly diverting, Madam, I doubt not—to the fly."

"Ay, and to the friends of the spider. But we shall let that pass. Sir, to be brief, I did not let the gentleman know that I had a private address, but I invited him to partake of supper with me on next Thursday night."

"Heavens! Madam, you do not mean to tell me that your interest on my behalf—"

"Is sufficiently great to lead me to sup with a spider? Sir, I say that I am only interested in my sister-fly—would she be angry if she were to hear that such a woman as I even thought of her as a sister?"

There was a note of pathos in the question, which did not fall unnoticed upon Goldsmith's ear.

"Madam," said he, "she is a Christian woman."

"Ah, Dr. Goldsmith," said the actress, "a very small amount of Christian charity is thought sufficient for the equipment of a Christian woman. Let that pass, however; what I want of you is to join us at supper on Thursday night. It is to take place in the Shakspere tavern round the corner, and, of course, in a private room; but I do not want you to appear boldly, as if I had invited you beforehand to partake of my hospitality. You must come into the room when we have begun, carrying with you a roll of manuscript, which you must tell me contains a scene of

your new comedy, upon which we are daily in consultation, mind you."

"I shall not fail to recollect," said Goldsmith. "Why, 'tis like the argument of a comedy, Mrs. Abington; I protest I never invented one more elaborate. I rather fear to enter upon it."

"Nay, you must be in no trepidation, Sir," said the lady. "I think I know the powers of the various members of the cast of this little drama of mine, so you need not think that you will be put into a part which you will not be able to play to perfection."

"You are giving me a lesson in play-writing. Pray continue the argument. When I enter with the imaginary scene of my new piece, you will, I trust, ask me to remain to supper: you see I grudge the gentleman the pleasure of your society for even an hour."

"I will ask you to join us at the table, and then—well, then I have a notion that between us we should have no great difficulty making our friend drink a sufficient quantity of wine to cause him to make known all his

find how frequently she disregards the most ordinary precepts of art."

"Psha! Sir," said the actress. "Nothing in this world is certain. I am a poor moralist, but I recognise the fact, and make it the guide of my life. At the same time I have noticed that, although one's carefully arranged plans are daily thrown into terrible disorder by the slovenliness of the actors to whom we assign certain parts and certain dialogue, yet in the end Nature makes even a more satisfactory drama out of the ruins of our schemes than we originally designed. So, in this case, Sir, I am not without hope that even though our gentleman's lips remain sealed—nay, even though our gentleman remain sober—a great calamity—we may still be able to accomplish our purpose. You will keep your ears open and I shall keep my eyes open, and it will be strange if between us we cannot get the better of so commonplace a scoundrel."

"I place myself unreservedly in your hands, Madam," said Oliver; "and I can only repeat what you have said so well—namely, that even the most clumsy of our

have actually wished that the silver candidate would be elected, for then none of you millionaires would have been able to pay for this dinner. I am sure you are all millionaires. I have had to give up many preconceived ideas of Americans since I came here, but this one about millionaires I shall stick to. I asked some publishers here if the authors weren't all millionaires, and they said they didn't know for certain, but that they ought to be. The authors' opinion of the publishers I have not asked.

"Five minutes after I landed here I was asked by a reporter for my views on the money question, but I referred my questioner to my publisher. I have been asked many questions by reporters here, but the commonest one, I think, is what were the names of my books. Of course, I always gave the list, and the next day I read with pleasure that I was Mr. Barrie, 'whose books have drawn laughter and tears from all of us.' One reporter was charmed with my 'Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush.' I said he was very kind to say so, but Dr. Nicoll corrected him. Then he explained that he meant, of course, 'The



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A FEAST IN VIEW.—BY JOSEPH CLARK.

In the Exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.

secrets to us, even as to where he keeps those precious letters of his."

Oliver's face did not exhibit any expression that the actress could possibly interpret as a flattering tribute to her ingenuity—the fact being that he was greatly disappointed at the result of her contriving. Her design was on a level of ingenuity with that which might occur to a romantic school miss. Of course the idea upon which it was founded had formed the basis of more than one comedy—he had a notion that if these comedies had not been written Mrs. Abington's scheme would not have been so clearly defined.

She perceived the expression on his face and rightly interpreted it.

"What, Sir!" she cried. "Do you fail to perceive the singular ingenuity of my scheme? Nay, you must remember that 'tis my first attempt—not at scheming, to be sure, but at inventing a design for a play."

"I would not shrink from making use of your design if I were writing a play, dear lady," said he. "But then, you see, it would be in my power to make my villain speak at the right moments and hold his peace at the right moments. It would also be in my power to make him confess all that was necessary for the situation. But alas! Madam, it makes me sometimes quite hopeless of Nature to

schemes—which this one of yours certainly is not—may become the basis of a most ingenious drama, designed and carried out by that singularly adroit playwright, Destiny. And so I shall not fail you on Thursday evening."

(To be continued.)

MR. J. M. BARRIE'S ONLY DINNER.

Mr. J. M. Barrie and Dr. Robertson Nicoll are just back from four weeks' holiday in the United States. They are very enthusiastic over the people they have seen and the kindness they have received, although both of them, it is clear, are heartily glad to be back again in England. A notable display of hospitality was the dinner given to them by the Aldine Club of New York a week or two ago, at which the bill-of-fare included *Haygis à la Thrums*.

We give Mr. Barrie's amusing speech, in which he referred to the feast as the only dinner ever given to him—

"I wish I were not so terrified at the sound of my own voice, so that I could say how much we value the honour you do us this evening. But there is no denying I am a dumb dog—have been all my life. This is the only dinner that ever was given to me (laughter), and I have but just now experienced a passionate desire to get beneath the table. I have dreaded this moment all the week, and at times I

Stickit Minister,' and when he found that that was also a mistake he declared that what he really meant was that charming serial now running in the *Century*, and called 'Silly Tommy.' Another reporter asked me if I intended on my return to write a book of American notes, like those 'Charles Dixon' had written.

"Another thing that my questioners have greatly desired to know is what I think of the American girl, but I have told no one that, and I shall tell it to no one except the American girl herself. I think I have already told it to one or two. The thing that has struck me most of all about your country is your colleges and universities—so many of them you have. I think they are the most splendid things in America.

"What impresses me especially about this gathering is to see so many publishers and authors gather here, all quite friendly. Times have changed since a certain author was executed for murdering his publisher. They say that when the author was on the scaffold he said good-bye to the minister and to the reporters, and then he saw some publishers sitting in the front row below, and to them he did not say good-bye. He said instead, 'I'll see you later.' I thank you all from the bottom of my heart for this kindness, and I assure you that I shall never forget it as long as I live."



SPORTING SUBJECTS BY ARCHIBALD THORBURN: NO. VIII.—SNIPE BORING.

BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY: No. XVIII.—CIUDAD RODRIGO.



"It is not my intention to expend any powder this evening; we shall do the business with cold iron."

GENERAL PICTON'S SPEECH BEFORE THE STORMING OF THE TOWN.

Drawn by R. C. WOODVILLE, R.I.

BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

XVIII.—CIUDAD RODRIGO.

Four campaigns had passed in the Peninsular War, and still the conflict hung in the balance. Thrice had British troops cleared Portugal of the French and failed to maintain a foothold in Spain. Masséna's great invasion of Portugal had been baffled by the lines of Torres Vedras, and once more the armies of Napoleon had recoiled over the Spanish frontier. But the gates of Spain, the great frontier fortresses of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajos, remained in French hands, faced by the Portuguese strongholds, Almeida and Elvas, the former of which Wellington had recovered, while the latter had never been attacked by the French. Though Soult's relieving army was beaten in the murderous fight at Albuera, Badajos stood a siege in 1811, and remained unconquered; and a move towards Ciudad Rodrigo later in the year was foiled by a rapid concentration of the French armies.

During this apparent deadlock on the Portuguese frontier, Soult had subdued Andalusia and blockaded Cadiz, and Suchet was treading down Spanish resistance in Catalonia and Valencia. Napoleon's plan was to reduce Spain to order behind his armies, and by a combined attack from north and south, close on Lisbon and finish the war. Though he was beginning to draw some of his best troops from Spain for the Russian war already looming large on the horizon, the French armies were still greatly superior in numbers to the Allies—English, Portuguese, and Spanish, and enormously superior to the latter in discipline. Catalonia and Castile and Aragon were crushed, Andalusia and Valencia had submitted; with the year 1812 an overpowering attack would fall on Portugal.

But Wellington was not minded to wait for the blow. His own army had been increasing in strength and experience, and the defects brought to light by campaigning had been in a measure remedied. He now determined to repeat his attack on Ciudad Rodrigo while the French armies were scattered in their winter quarters. The fortress was not a strong one, and the garrison was comparatively small; while all the heavy artillery and the material of war of Marmont's army were stored within its walls, ready for the next year's campaign of invasion. Marmont was by character rash and careless; but he believed himself safe in leaving the fortress slightly protected, for it could not be taken without heavy artillery, unless by a long blockade, which could give him ample time to relieve the city. He did not know that Wellington had already, by great skill and industry, brought up a strong battering train to the frontier with entire secrecy.

Ciudad Rodrigo lies on the right of the Agueda River, fordable, but subject to sudden floods. The town was fortified after the usual pattern set by Vauban, and the suburbs to the eastward were covered by a line of works supported by two fortified convents. To the north of the town were two parallel hills, the Greater and Lesser Tesons, the higher of which was secured by a fort.

From this northern side Wellington determined to attack, as the hills gave him a more commanding site for his batteries. On Jan. 8, 1812, the attack began, and before the garrison knew that the blockade already established was becoming more serious, the outlying fort on the Greater Teson hill was stormed, and a position secured for the batteries. The trenches were begun at once, and the batteries built. The garrison were well provided with heavy guns and ammunition, for all Marmont's provision of warlike stores was there, and the trenches were swept with a storm of fire. But early on the evening of Jan. 14 the batteries were ready, and some thirty heavy guns opened on the city. The suburb and its convent were carried that night, and the fire of the batteries began soon to make an impression on the walls of the town. By Jan. 19 two breaches were made in the rampart, and were pronounced practicable; and after a summons to surrender had been sent and rejected, Wellington ordered the assault. Time was scarce, and Marmont, though he did not hear of the siege till Jan. 15, was now fast collecting his troops. A feint was to be made by Pack's Portuguese troops on the south-east gate of the city, while the third division stormed the great breach, the light division the smaller breach, and another Portuguese regiment crossed the bridge outside the city and scaled an outwork of the castle. At the smaller breach Napier, brother of the historian, and Gurwood, the later editor of Wellington's Despatches, led the storming parties; and Wellington in person gave Napier his directions, and told the men not to load their muskets but use the bayonet. As he was giving his instructions, before the signal, the assault began.

The third division, helped by three regiments from their right, dashed at the great breach, under a murderous fire. They won the ruined rampart, though mown down by grapeshot from two guns flanking the breach; a mine sprung under their advance, and killing General Mackinnon and many others, did not repulse them; but they were checked by the French entrenchments behind the breach. While they struggled to break through, however, the light division had been more fortunate. Craufurd, their fiery commander, was killed in the charge, but the stormers went on. Major Napier, even as he fell wounded, called on his men for the bayonet, the officers sprang to the front, and the breach was won. Taking the great breach in flank, the light division helped the third division to break in; the two Portuguese attacks met hardly any resistance, and the Governor surrendered his sword to Gurwood.

A scene of disgraceful riot and plunder followed. Non-combatants were spared, however, and 1500 out of the garrison of 1800 were made prisoners. A hundred and fifty guns, including all Marmont's battering-train, and vast stores of all kinds were taken; the intended French invasion of Portugal was made impossible on the northern side, for no means were left of attacking the Portuguese fortresses. A secure base of operations and a safe refuge for retreat were secured in Ciudad Rodrigo; and one more secretly organised attack, one more desperate and murderous assault were to give Wellington Badajos, the other gate of Spain, and clear the way for the glorious campaign of Salamanca. A. R. R.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Marennes oysters are known by their green colour, and, indeed, the presence of the green hue in the gills of these molluscs has come to be regarded as a proof of their delicacy. The exact cause of the coloration of these oysters has long been a matter of dispute among zoologists. It was thus believed to be due to the presence of minute plant organisms, which lived in the gills of the oysters on those terms of mutual esteem or reciprocity which the learned term *symbiosis*. This view was duly exchanged for that which attributed the green hue to chemical coloration. The opinion was duly expressed that an excess of iron was to be detected in the Marennes natives, and for a time this statement of affairs was accepted as explanatory of the tinting. But Dr. Kohn, adopting a special mode of analysis which disposed of the living matter and left the iron for exact determination, found that in the gills of the Marennes oysters no greater quantity of iron was present than in the gills of the ordinary white variety.

Curiously enough, copper is found to exist in both the green and colourless oysters—in minute quantities, of course, and in higher proportion in the former variety—although Dr. Kohn tells us that the copper is not present to an extent sufficient to account for the coloration. Probably we shall have to fall back on the idea that iron is the real agent in the matter after all, and despite Dr. Kohn's researches. Dr. Herdman has demonstrated that oysters grown in certain iron solutions develop a green tint, and the colour may depend not so much on the amount of the metal present as on its mode of assimilation by the mollusc. We may thus be taking minute doses of iron when we indulge in green oysters, and when other varieties are consumed as well. That the oyster is largely self-digestive is owing to the fact that its liver, which forms the great mass of the body, is composed largely of glycogen. This is a kind of starch; it is found in our own liver, and is stored up therein from the starchy diet we consume. Supplied also with a digestive ferment in the case of the oyster, the morsel is practically digested as soon as it is eaten, or very quickly thereafter. Hence the advantages of the oyster as an easily assimilated dainty have not been overrated.

When one has regard to the universal carelessness of human nature, Tom Hood's lines about evil being "wrought by want of thought as well as want of heart," find ample justification. Nowhere is this carelessness more typically illustrated than in the manner in which the public are accustomed to deal with certain poisonous substances which are in common use. Take the case of carbolic acid, for example. Here is a substance much used as a disinfectant. That there are other and better disinfectants of non-poisonous nature is nothing to the point. The public have got to know carbolic acid by name, and they buy it and use it more (or less) successfully as a germ-destroyer or disinfectant.

Now carbolic acid is a terribly poisonous substance. Even when used in fairly weak solution, its corrosive powers and properties are of very decided nature, and when the element of carelessness creeps in, and when labels drop off bottles and are not replaced, this acid is swallowed by mistake to an extent which becomes positively appalling. I notice that in England and Wales, between 1885 and 1894, 683 persons used carbolic acid for suicidal purposes, and between 1888 and 1894 the total deaths from the use of this acid numbered 972. Between 1885 and 1889 the average number of deaths was 71, and from 1890 to 1894 the number of deaths was 618. In 1894 the deaths from carbolic acid poisoning amounted to 201. I presume this enumeration includes accidental as well as suicidal deaths.

Now, I am not one of those persons who believe that the "law," to which they are always so fond of appealing, can accomplish everything, can save everybody from death, and make this world a veritable sinless Eden. The foolish section of the community (including, I am sorry to say, many professional men who ought to know better than to assist a stupid outcry) alleges that all poisons should be put under lock and key, and that carbolic acid, like arsenic, prussic acid, and the like, should be sold by the chemist only, and under restrictions. How such a course would prevent poisoning accidents I fail to discover. Surely nobody would be prevented from buying carbolic acid who really needed it, and the real danger begins not with the sale of it, but with the careless fashion in which it is treated when we get it into our homes. It is the same with salts of lemon used in laundries, and with any lethal substance whatever. People who legitimately want these substances will always be able to get them. That which is required is the education of the public in the careful dealing with all poisons. Just as you will never make men sober by Act of Parliament, or temperate by shutting up the public-houses, but only by educating them in the wise and moderate usage of alcohol (and everything else), so in this matter of danger from carbolic acid poisoning we shall have to trust to the spread of education and to the development of that wisdom which the poet has told us lingers even while knowledge comes.

A very curious use of insects in surgical practice has been detailed in the last issue of the "Transactions of the Linnaean Society" by Mr. R. M. Middleton, jun. It appears that a gentleman fell from his horse in Smyrna some years ago, and received a clean cut on his forehead through the fall. The Greek barber who attended to the injury—our own College of Surgeons arose out of the Corporation of Barbers—used at least ten living ants for the purpose of keeping the edges of the wound in apposition. The jaws of the ants were made to penetrate the skin on both sides of the wound, and when they closed the action brought the edges neatly together, after the fashion of a surgeon's suture. The body of the ant was then detached, and the head left in position on the wound. In three days or so the injury had healed up. The Indians of Brazil are said to use ants for a similar purpose.

BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY, No. XVIII.—CIUDAD RODRIGO.



THE STORMING OF CIUDAD RODRIGO: OFFICERS CARRYING THE BODY OF GENERAL MACKINNON THROUGH A BREACH INTO THE TOWN.

Drawn by R. Colly Woodville, R.I.

LITERATURE.

MR. WEDMORE'S NEW VOLUME.

From all who care for fiction that is at once pure and elevated in tone and faultless in literary style, a new volume of stories—*Orgas and Miradou*, by Frederick Wedmore (James Bowden)—deserves the warmest of welcomes. And in his present collection the author has given us some of his best work. For while one fully relishes the arch humour of such lighter pieces as "The Fitting Obsquies" or "Justice Wilkinshaw's Attentions," it is not to these, but to the devotion of Yvonne or the high melancholy of Sylvia Rawson's lover that, in his former work, one most often looks back. In a word, he can handle both high and homely themes, and can paint both "realistic" and ideally beautiful surroundings; but it is when his theme is high and his surroundings beautiful that he is at his best. And in the present volume the two conditions may generally be found united. Its keynote is to be found in the author's preface, where he speaks of affection as "the deepest need of nearly every human life," for two out of the three stories now before us may be described as studies of affection—of the affection felt by middle-aged men for girls. In the titular tale this affection is parental, and here the author—returning to the land where his earliest successes were won—has had the good fortune to light upon a strange and touching French superstition, which furnishes the basis of his story. So far, fortune has favoured him, but beyond this point all credit is his due for the art with which into this "Dream of Provence" he has imported just the right dreamy atmosphere, with result that, while his hero treads the firm earth, we yet understand how the startling superstition, so utterly incredible to us, is not incredible to him. One crucial touch there is which of itself reveals the poet and the artist in the author of this little tale. Suppose that more ordinary writers in his place had successfully conducted the story to its last page, how many would then have been able to resist the temptation of killing Orgas? By so doing, a *neat* termination would have been secured; but how immeasurably stronger and more tragic is the termination which leaves him alive! In "To Nancy," the second story, the interest—contrary to a first impression—as we have said, also centres in the man. The heroine, a young dancing girl and actress, has youth, beauty, talent, a sweet disposition. She flits before us as a gleam of light and colour, and is gone we know not whither. But in the presentation of the interest felt in her by the Academician we find a subtle study of feeling. At first it is an almost purely artistic emotion; when she has sat for her portrait to him it ripens into liking and friendship; it ends with something not unlike heartbreak over the veiled misfortune which befalls her. And perhaps the crowning interest of the study lies in the fact that, throughout, affection remains untouched by passion. The third of the little pieces consists of a series of delicate descriptive vignettes, and of reflections touched with tender feeling—the supposed memoranda of a now deceased poet during a visit in a country house. Each of the tales in this little volume is of high literary excellence, and among them that which gives its name to the book is perhaps the author's masterpiece.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

When Cathro, the schoolmaster, branded Tommy, writing the letters "S. T." on his forehead with a charred stick, he was expressing in a rough way what might have been the popular view of the hero's attitude to life in his early days—more roughly and crudely than even the puzzled Cathro need have done; but then the dominie was jealous of the boy's peculiar power, as well as admiring. And Mr. J. M. Barrie's *Sentimental Tommy* (Cassell) was good enough for a nickname. Yet it is not the story of a mere boy of feeling, but of the evolution of an artist; an artist, however, who upsets on every occasion Diderot's paradox, and who is, to the extent of agony and tears, to the height of veritable, if sudden-born, self-sacrifice, and to the depths of actual villainy and tearing remorse, the very character whom he happens to be interested in, and therefore personating at the moment. He is so—all save a little remnant of him, a quarter of an eye, say, left out of the impersonation in order to admire its cleverness. Tommy is a masterpiece. In creating him Mr. Barrie has shown a wider sweep of power than he has been credited with hitherto.

But it must be said that Tommy by his reality stands apart in the book, just as by his cleverness he lords it over the duller creatures around him. Indeed, as realities, the only other characters that can compare with him are Corp Shiach, his aide-de-camp, slave, and echo, and Shovel, the more spirited ally of his earlier London days. About boys Mr. Barrie has little to learn. With girls he bungles. Grizel, the Painted Lady's child, is ill-drawn, and Elspeth, Tommy's pious sister, who "flops" incessantly, would be very unpleasing if she were more than a blur. The blemish, too, that spoilt the last part of "The Little Minister," that tendency to articulate at great length feelings for which life would find some subtler utterance than words, is visible here. Jean Myles's attitude of proud terror lest Thrums should ever know the misery of her London life, is fine; and that her letters to an old rival in her old home should be deceptive, is easily conceivable. But when she is made to write, "My son makes grand sport of the unfortunate bairns as has to bide in Thrums, and I see him doing it the now to his favourite companion,

which is a young gentleman of ladylike manners, as bides in our terrace. So no more at present, for my man is sitting ganting for my society, and I daresay yours is crying to you to darn his old socks. Mind and tell Aaron Latta" (i.e., her former lover)—when she is made to write this, and much more of the kind, we feel that the woman is being maligned as well as probability outraged.

But Tommy is the book, and Tommy is one of the most entrancing characters in fact or fiction, from the time when, with his inscrutable face, at five years old, he comes into view on a dirty London stair, to the time he parts with Elspeth and his boyhood at the far end of the Caddum Wood to go to the herding; too much of a nunskull, in wise Thrums' opinion, for a University career, yet with thoughts in his head of the "blatter" he will make some day when he finds work to put his heart into, "as if it were a game." He is a prince in the land of Make-believe; in dramatic games a born leader, but carrying his powers into serious things as well, compelling his imagination to modify the facts of life and to convince even his duller neighbours.

His part in the last Jacobite rising, in which, of course, he plays the Chevalier, alias Stroke, would be his crowning feat, save that it is eclipsed by the sudden conversion from villainy which he so proudly enjoyed, and which was the prelude to his enlistment under the Hanoverian Government, to his offering a price for Stroke's head, and hunting that recreant to his death. You never could tell where you had Tommy. You never had him, and you could not describe him. He was one thing, and he was its opposite. He was in love with life, and his repertory included all that had come into his experience. "It is so easy to make

night; and a thrilling scene where Ralph, mad with jealousy, seizes on Joan on a country road—a picture that recalls a similar incident in "Tess." To tell the rest would be to spoil Mrs. Beaumont's story. Not that it depends solely on its critical incidents. The interstices are filled up with little pictures of the Dalesmen, from the parson to the village witch and her dog. Messrs. Dent have printed the story in a very charming *format*, bound in pretty white cloth that looks like vellum.

For one who, like the late F. O. Morris, was a naturalist as well as a clergyman, no better home could have been chosen than the quiet and secluded Yorkshire rectory in which he lived for nearly forty years until his death in 1893. The village of Nunburnholme lies snugly sheltered in a well-wooded valley at the foot of one of the East Riding wolds, miles away from railroad and high road. The population of the parish was small, and though he was an active, indeed a model, parish priest Morris had ample leisure for indulging in his love of natural history, to which he was as devoted as White of Selborne himself; while the fauna of the district was especially rich in birds and insects, the two forms of animated nature in which his interest was greatest. To the general public he was known chiefly as the most ardent and persevering of zoophilists. The protection of British birds from the widespread and wanton slaughter which threatened to exterminate some of the most interesting species had no more zealous and powerful advocate than this Yorkshire rector. He literally inundated the British Press, and notably the *Times*, with indignant letters on the subject. No single individual con-

tributed so much as Morris to the success of the movement, the first legislative result of which was the Act of 1869 for the protection of sea-birds. It was followed by the passing of other Acts of Parliament for the protection of land-birds, and they were largely due to Morris's exertions. The present biography of him—*Francis Morris: A Memoir*. By his son, the Rev. M. C. F. Morris (John Nimmo)—is throughout more or less interesting, but nowhere so much so as in its description of the reckless and revolting massacre of birds, both domestic and visitors to the United Kingdom, and of Morris's pleadings on their behalf. "His mind," his son says, "was in a state of perpetual motion with regard to the preservation of birds, for no sooner was an Act of Parliament passed with the object of fixing a close time for them than he quickly saw in it something that needed amendment, and to carry his views, if possible, into effect he would vigorously and at once apply himself." He had the courage of his opinions, and denounced as "cruelty to animals" not only *battues* but fox-hunting—a bold step for a country clergyman to take.

In dedicating *The Animal Story-Book* (Longmans) to Master Frederick Longman in a few lines of rhyme, Mr. Lang half apologises for his unfaithfulness to History and Fairies, and surmises regretfully that this book will be a disappointment to the juvenile reader. He says—

I can't help thinking, children, you
Prefer a book which is *not* true.

This would lead one to think that all the tales in "The Animal Story-Book" are true, and that all the beautiful fairy tales of past years are *not* true. If Mr. Lang would compel his readers to such a barbarous conclusion as this last he deserves a horrible fate—"something lingering, with boiling oil in it." And if he would insist that all these delightful animal stories are true, nothing short of being permitted to read the *Spectator's* dog stories for the rest of his life would be anything like adequate reward. This is a very admirable selection, and should be no disappointment either to juvenile or to "grown-up." Those are such old friends included as "Androcles and the Lion," "The Dog of Montargis," "The War-Horse of Alexander," and Waterton's "How the Cayman was Killed." Then there are some admirable translations from the elder Dumas, who, like all geniuses, was a great lover of animals, and who wrote charmingly and artlessly about them. And so, too, did Theophile Gautier, of whose stories several are here given. One of the best stories in the book is that contributed by Miss Goodrich Freer, entitled "Two Highland Dogs." It deals with Righ and Speirag, the deerhound and Skye terrier who (no true lover of dogs would use "which" here) accompanied Father Mackonochie on his last walk among the hills, and remained by his dead body through the storms of two days and nights. Mr. Ford, who has drawn so many fine pictures for Mr. Lang's story-books, has done an exceedingly good one for this story.

"Madam," quoth I, as I entered at the wicket-gate, "your roses are the rarest that I have seen for many a long day." "Others have said the same thing, Sir," she said with a grave inclination of her dainty head. "No doubt they have, Madam—no doubt at all. 'Tis a trite and commonplace observation. Let me remedy my fault by saying that, sweet and rare as are these roses, they are as nought to those that spend their sweetness on your cheeks." Thus does the author of *Life in Arcadia* (John Lane) strike the keynote of nearly all the tales in the volume. Only a writer who could suppose that to say a girl's cheeks were like roses was less trite than to say roses were rare would have reprinted the majority of these sketches. But in some of them Mr. Fletcher's quaint way of putting things redeems the thinness and flatness of the tales themselves, and is less affected than such a phrase as "spend themselves on your cheeks" would lead you to expect.



Photo Russell, Baker Street.

WRITERS OF THE DAY : NO. XVIII.—MR. FREDERICK WEDMORE.

Born in 1844, of an old Quaker family, Mr. Frederick Wedmore was educated at a Quaker school and on the Continent. He first embarked upon literary work as one of the staff of a local newspaper in his native town of Bristol. After coming to London he became a dramatic critic, through his love of the Theatre, while yet a youth, and for many years he has been a regular contributor of very authoritative judgments upon painting and the kindred arts to the columns of the *Standard* and the *Academy*. His "Studies in English Art," "Masters of Genre Painting," and "Four Masters of Etching," have an assured position in the literature of art criticism. His more lasting reputation, however, probably depends upon his volumes of short stories, the latest of which is reviewed in these columns. "Pastorals of France"—of which it has been said that it "revealed not only a new talent, but a new *genre*"—appeared in 1877, and the delicate beauty of that, and his two later volumes, "Renunciations" and "English Episodes," has won for Mr. Wedmore a very distinct place among contemporary writers.

up one's mind," says Grizel. "It's easy to you that has just one mind," he retorted with spirit, "but if you had as many minds as I have—!"

Well, there are many persons in this world we should miss less than Tommy, if he were to slip behind the horizon and never appear again. He is bound in honour to fulfil the delightful promise of his boyhood.

Joan Seaton (Dent), described as "A Story of Parsifal," is not, as its sub-title might imply, a study in Wagnerism. It is all about the hamlet of Percival Dion, in the Yorkshire Dales of forty years ago—a little glimpse into family history turned into romance. The Stansfelds, the Seatons, and the Pigots are the play-actors; and they act their little drama of love and hate just as their ancestors had often done before them. All that is charmingly foreshadowed in a prologue which introduces us to five children—among them Joan Seaton, Humphrey Stansfeld, and Ralph Pigot. Ralph seems to be the patronymic of the family of villains, from the days of that Ralph the Rover who tore his hair and cursed himself in his despair. And this Ralph Pigot went great lengths in his mad passion for the gentle Joan Seaton. She favoured Humphrey Stansfeld, and her choice fired Ralph to murderous hate. There is a vivid description of an encounter between the two men one stormy winter

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THE ROYAL VISIT TO BLENHEIM PALACE.

Blenheim Palace—the scene of princely festivities given in honour of the visit of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales—is one of the largest and grandest mansions in all the country, and was built for the occupation of one of England's greatest heroes—one who, in the words of a great statesman, "never fought a battle without winning it, or besieged a town without taking it." The descendant of such a man may well be proud of his great ancestor, and Charles Richard John Spencer-Churchill, the present young Duke of Marlborough, may also be credited with a natural pride in the possession of a palace and estate bestowed on John, the first Duke, by a grateful country as a thank-offering for his signal services. Before, however, it came into the Spencer-Churchill possession, the place was already noted everywhere as Woodstock Manor. Here it was that Henry II. housed Fair Rosamond—said to be the most beautiful woman of



Photo Alman, New York.

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH,
THE HOSTESS OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

Photo Bassano, Old Bond St.

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH,
THE HOST OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

of Minerva. On the right and left of the entrance are pedestals supporting trophies of war. The entire building covers over three acres of ground, and here it may be

Guerre—records the victories of the Duke. The same artist has decorated the walls with symbolic groups. A dado of pure Italian marble runs round the lower portion, and



EXTERIOR OF THE PALACE, WITH THE ITALIAN GARDENS.

the period—building for her a bower so cunningly contrived that none outside the secret could penetrate its mazy entrance. Hero Rosamond dwelt for a time secure with her fair maidens, but history gives it that presently Queen Eleanor managed to find her way in and soon despatched her rival with poison.

It was nearly two hundred years ago when the Royal Forest was bestowed upon the first Duke, together with a sum of £240,000, for the erection of the palace, which was commenced in the following year, but was still unfinished in 1722, the date of the Duke's death. Sir John Vanbrugh was the architect, and his principal object seems to have been to give an appearance of solidity and strength, not, perhaps, unfitting to the nature of the warrior occupant. Viewed as one approaches through the park, it has a most imposing appearance from whichever direction you come. The principal front is about 350 ft. in extent, with a central approach, consisting of a flight of steps, terminating in a Corinthian portico, which is surmounted by a statue

mentioned that the park has a boundary of about nine miles, while the total area covered by land and water gives the large figures of 2268 acres.

marble pedestals carrying electric lamps, marble busts and statues, bronze figures and costly caskets, are in profusion. Settees and chairs covered with leather or hand

embroidery, small bookcases, writing-tables, and screens complete the furniture of the handsome saloon, palms, ferns, and flowers adding much to the effect.

Next comes a suite of State Drawing-rooms, furnished in a most superb manner, the first one having a predominant tone of crimson, with ceiling and walls effectively decorated in gold and white, and a rich velvet-pile carpet in the centre of the beautiful parqueterie floor. Perhaps the greatest attraction of these rooms is the beautiful Flemish tapestry which all but lines the walls, depicting the battles of the Duke: the whole of the prominent figures thereon are actual likenesses, the Duke and his charger in all cases strikingly in the foreground. The second State Drawing-room is hung and upholstered in gold, and the third in rich crimson like the first. Here are a copy of the famous Portland Vase and a Blenheim flag. Everybody almost knows

BERNINI FOUNTAIN,
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THE ROYAL VISIT TO BLENHEIM PALACE.

the history of the tenure on which the estate is held: how that the Duke on each anniversary of the great Battle of Blenheim has to repair to Windsor, and there hang a new flag before twelve o'clock in the morning. Portraits of John, the first Duke, and Sarah, his Duchess—certainly two of the most notable characters of English history—hang here; and in each of the rooms there is an abundance of the rarest old china, Sévres, Chelsea, and Worcester, as well as valuable time-pieces, sculptured urns, and alabaster statuettes of the purest.

The great library, though shorn of its glory—inasmuch as the wonderful collection of some twenty thousand volumes has been disposed of—still possesses much of great value. It is truly regal looking, having a length of two hundred feet, and being richly embellished with statuary, paintings, bronzes, marbles, and armour. At one end is a pure alabaster statue of Queen Anne in her coronation robes; this was the work of Rysbrach, and cost five thousand guineas. The front of the pedestal bears the following inscription: "To the memory of Queen Anne, under whose auspices John, Duke of Marlborough, conquered, and to whose munificence he and his posterity with gratitude owe the possession of Blenheim." At the other end is a bust of the Duke clad in plate armour. A large organ by Willis, and a piano by Steinway and Sons, speak of the use to which this grand apartment is often put, and near one of the windows stands the famous Blenheim telescope, which was made by Herschel and presented to the third Duke by George III.

The Dining-room is a commodious and lofty apartment, with a ceiling in gold and cream and walls of carved oak, the upper part being enriched with rare tapestry. The furniture is also of oak, the whole of it grown on the estate. The Billiard-room has crimson-panelled walls, with furniture of gold overburnish upholstered in crimson. Then there is the Green Drawing-room, resplendent in every shade of green, all of rich velvet brocade and silk. The whole of the furniture is white carved wood. Alabaster and ormolu, antique inlaid cabinets, Roman miniatures, crystal and gold goblets, and other costly articles are on every hand. Here also are Sir Godfrey Kneller's portrait

them of vast numbers of priceless and cherished possessions of the family; but perhaps the apartment most treasured by them is the one known as the Grand Cabinet, for here may be seen personal articles of the great Duke, which have become the most sacred heirlooms of the family. Here the eminent soldier passed much of his time when at Blenheim, and here, in a glass case which forms the top of a table, is his state sword and the famous "Blenheim

staircase, with pillars and steps of variegated alabaster; the roof—supported by Corinthian marble pilasters—is a combination of painting and carving. Altar, pulpit, reading-desk, stalls, seats, and wainscoting are all of carved oak; but the chief interest centres on the grand monument, which is a most magnificent alabaster group, erected by Sarah, his Duchess, to the memory of the Duke and his two sons. It will be remembered that his Grace was publicly buried in Westminster Abbey, but his body was afterwards brought here by the Duchess in order that at her death they might be buried side by side. This wonderful work is also by Rysbrach. The Duke is depicted at the summit of the monument with his family grouped around him, immediately beneath them being two figures representing Fame and History. History is tracing an inscription which reads as follows: "To the memory of John, Duke of Marlborough, and his two sons, his Duchess has erected this monument in the year of Christ 1733."

It would be impossible to see the gardens, conservatories, and park entire, unless a sojourn of some days were made. In one part are seen Italian gardens in all their beauty of Southern productions; in another American gardens, showing the produce of the far West; again, you may imagine yourself in Alpine heights, walking, as you do, amid trees of that region, banked by backgrounds of moss-covered rocks, with plants and thousands of ferns of every description. From here the woods stretch away into the far distance, and, looking over, you see in the formation of the avenues the reproduction of the manner in which Marlborough disposed of his troops preparatory to his great battle. Then there is the wonderful Bernini fountain—a present to the old Duke from the Spanish

Ambassador to the Papal Court; the Rosery, with its one thousand different specimens of that beautiful flower; the well, which is all that is left to show the spot where stood Fair Rosamond's Bower; the graceful three-arched bridge; the lake, covering 131 acres; the Column of Victory, of 130 ft. in height; and the High Lodge, which is indissolubly connected with the Earl of Rochester; and hosts of other things too numerous to mention.



FAIR ROSAMOND'S WELL IN THE PARK.



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THE CHAPEL, WITH THE ALABASTER TOMB OF THE FIRST DUKE AND DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

of the first Duke and other members of the family painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds. On a prominent place is a large autograph portrait of one of the illustrious guests of the week—her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales. Room upon room of this wonderful palace, with its numerous staircases, its immense galleries, and its multiplicity of apartments, bring reminiscences to one who has seen

Despatch," the letter he wrote on a drum-head on the field of battle acquainting the Queen that "her troops had won a famous victory." This despatch is written on the back of a hotel bill which the Duke had in his pocket: the accompanying photograph shows these relics in the foreground.

The private chapel—one of the most costly in any ducal palace—must not be omitted. To enter, we descend a double

Of late years the estate has been very materially benefited by the enormous wealth brought into the family—first, by the marriage of the last Duke with the widow of an American millionaire, the now popular Lilian, Duchess of Marlborough; and secondly, by the marriage of the present Duke with the great-granddaughter of Commodore Vanderbilt, herself one of the richest heiresses of the New World.

THE LADIES' PAGE.
DRESS.

The immediate burden of my song is a theatre-cloak; having but just come from an interview with the ideal, I proceed to chronicle its details as being of white miroir moiré lined and hemmed with sable, with a double Medici



A THEATRE-CAPE.

collar of sable; the cape itself was lightly covered with a fichu of old point lace fastened on either side of the collar at the neck with choux of pale green and pale blue miroir velvet. The possible value of that cloak runs into three figures, so that it is scarcely within the grasp of many of us, alas! Simpler, more inexpensive, and yet full of charm is that cape sketched here. This is made of ivory satin daintily decked with an appliquéd of jet, gold, and pearls. The collar, which hangs with square ends in the

front, is bordered with sable, and rests on three frills of lace, supported by frills of chiffon; the lining is of wadded satin. The effect? It ill becomes me to dilate upon its

Solid Silver Wire Waist-Clasp.—Mappin Brothers.

charms. Other delightful evening cloaks may be met in the Empiro style of black satin with fur collars and edgings measured according to our worldly possessions or our extravagance. The sac jacket, which reaches below the hips, looks well made in white moiré velours, and may be bordered with mink and lined with wadded satin. And moiré velours in turquoise blue may be enthusiastically commended when lined and trimmed with white Mongolian goat. These sac jackets, however, invariably look their best when some lace hood or drapery of thin stuff decks their shoulders. The soft thickness of this moiré makes it specially adaptable to cloaks, although it also has its virtues when used for evening skirts. A ball-gown, for instance, with a skirt of pale green moiré will lend itself to happy union with a bodice of pale-green chiffon, entirely covered with cream-coloured lace.

The French coiffure demands that the toque—even the toque, which I mention parenthetically, does not amiably submit to the process—should be worn well forward on to our foreheads. A pity 'tis, 'tis true. The high knot of hair insisted upon by Paris disappears into the crown of the small hat, which is tilted at a right angle on to the brows. The open-brimmed hat



Tower of London Block and Executioner's Axe Cigar-Cutter and Matchbox.—Mappin Brothers.

looks well under such conditions, and this morning, as I write, I am haunted by a smart little figure I met yesterday, wearing a green plaid skirt, a blue cloth coat, at the neck revealing a glimpse of a turn-over linen collar, and a plaid stock, crowned with a dark green velvet hat, placed so that it cast its shadow on the tip of the wearer's pretty nose, and trimmed at one side with a bunch of green cock's feathers. Green plaid does not really enjoy the popularity it deserves: we seem chary of adopting it. Always we start the autumn season possessed in favour of the tartan, but still, somehow, December will see us garbed in plain blue, or plain dark red, or plain dark green. But I am forgetting to describe that velvet costume illustrated. This boasts a bolero and pointed epaulettes, and is profusely trimmed with lace, the seams being striped with jet, the frills on the shoulders showing a jet button in the centre. Completed with a white felt hat bound with sealskin with the crown exhibiting black wings at various angles, this makes a smart dress which might be allowed to go to a wedding.

"Pierrette" would find a quilling of net more becoming than the satin ribbon. She may adopt successfully on the white gown her suggestion labelled No. 3, but

should be advised at all cost and for all time to eschew the wear of silver bracelets and necklaces. "A Fidget" might achieve a triumph with a swathed bodice of that silk, revealing a hem of black velvet at the top; and she might rely upon the successful intrusion of turquoise blue and cream coloured lace on the black and white dress.

PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

Brilliant and fascinating is the show of jewellery and silver plate at the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company's establishment at 112, Regent Street. It certainly seems as if it must be im-

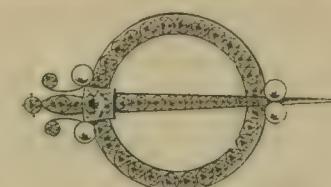
possible for any people on a search for Christmas presents intent to fail to find what they require here. The smallest and the largest purses alike are catered for, and always with excellent taste; while it is a great recommendation that every article, costly or low in price, has its exact value ticketed on in plain figures, and customers are invited to inspect to their heart's content without being at all pressed to purchase. In the more expensive goods, some splendid opals first catch the eye. More costly, but not so much to my fancy, is a pearl necklace, much like the collar of pearls that we have most of us seen on the fair neck of the Princess of Wales. An original tiara (and brooch) is all diamonds, set on curled wire, exactly like the shaving that falls from under a carpenter's plane. One more—a series of loops of diamonds hung partly to overlap each other, and drops from it trefoil in shape, the whole set in separate parts, so to speak, so that it is lightness and gracefulness impersonified.

But these are Christmas presents for Duchesses or millionaires. Let us see some of the more everyday articles here. Quite new are the pretty little chain bracelets with a small disc of gold dependent, set at its lower edge with a stone to suit the month of the recipient's birthday. These pretty little bracelets will be from about three pounds each, according to the stone. Chain bracelets are, by the way, the "only wear" just now; and some more costly ones, having clusters of rich gems in the centre of the chain, can be had from £80 to £100 and upwards. Turn to the brooches, in which neat and acceptable gifts are always to be found, priced from a sovereign. For eight guineas in the smaller size, and fifteen in the larger, the up-to-date design of a "bike" can be had, the rim of the wheels in brilliants, the rest in fine gold, all complete even to the dress-guard; the wheels spin round. The three little brooches illustrated on this page are of diamonds; the larger of them is in the stately and artistic style of the Italian Renaissance, and is of brilliants with a big emerald

in the centre—this is very elegant. Another is an old Irish design, the hilt of the dagger in diamonds, and the supports of it in whole pearls. The third is a circle of diamonds, with a centre pearl supported by two big and very lustrous diamonds. Very simple and charming is a new butterfly brooch, the edges of the wings delicately carved with goldsmith's work of the finest sort, a ruby in the tip of each wing, and ruby, sapphire, and diamond points at the head. Novel, too, are the little brooches to take a miniature. A twist of gold, set with

alternating pearls and emeralds; a gold owl and mouse looking at one another on a branch; a plain gold twist formed by the figures '96 intercoiled curiously; a heart-shaped peridot surrounded by red enamel and pearls; a merrythought in gold, with a green dragonfly with diamond points in his wings on it; a knife-edged scroll set with pearls in a good design, and a heart-shape in bright gold, with two dulled gold wings flying from it, joined in the centre by a diamond—these are but a fragmentary part of the vast stock, which can to some extent be studied by sending for a catalogue.

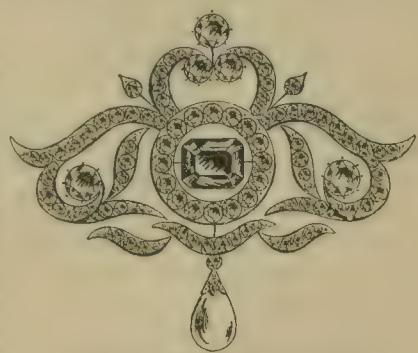
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veys—the top in plain silver, and lower portion chased, and below all a wide base of curving glass; the largest size (7½ in.) costs £2 10s., but they begin at £1. New and fashionable are the lady's waist-buckles in silver wire, of which one (at 20s.) is shown also. It is not easy for a lady to make a gentleman a suitable gift, but the variety of cigar-cutters and ash-trays here provides well for smokers (the Tower axe and block is very good), while there are capital closing shaving-sets in silver, and combination desk-pencils with seal and thermometer, or with magnifying-glass. A cavalry-sword for a letter-opener would suit either lady or gentleman, while the lady of the house will like a new *hors-d'œuvre* dish of seven little glasses set in a frame of Queen's Plate, or a new photo-frame, or a stamp-damper.

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Messrs. Peter Robinson's Christmas bazaar is a mine of variety, with usefulness and beauty combined. Take the children there to choose their own toys, by all means, and go at either noon or four o'clock to let them see the free exhibition of the "Animatograph," or moving pictures. In the children's own department there is every kind of toy, cheap and costly—a grand train perhaps best of all, at £8 8s. Mechanical toys are brought to ever-fresh perfection. This year, a great attraction is a bear who puts a pipe into some soapy water, raises his head, and blows a real bubble; and a large bird who can perform the same feat. Bicycle riders of every variety, too, are made to

Solid Silver-Mounted Fine Crystal Glass Flower-Vase.
Mappin Brothers.

A VELVET COSTUME.

work round the room—the rabbit and the cat taking a trip on one machine, and a lady in bloomers on another, and so on. There is a cradle in which a baby lies sleeping, the mother's voice chanting a gentle lullaby, and suddenly the baby jumps upright and exclaims "Mamma!" There are dolls, doll-houses, cooking stoves of all sizes, and other nursery furniture, from the small house to the magnificent mansion that has real Venetian and outside blinds to raise and lower; a lift, and electric bells; and layettes of every variety, from the little outfit with a cradle to

BOVRIL

ITS ORIGIN.

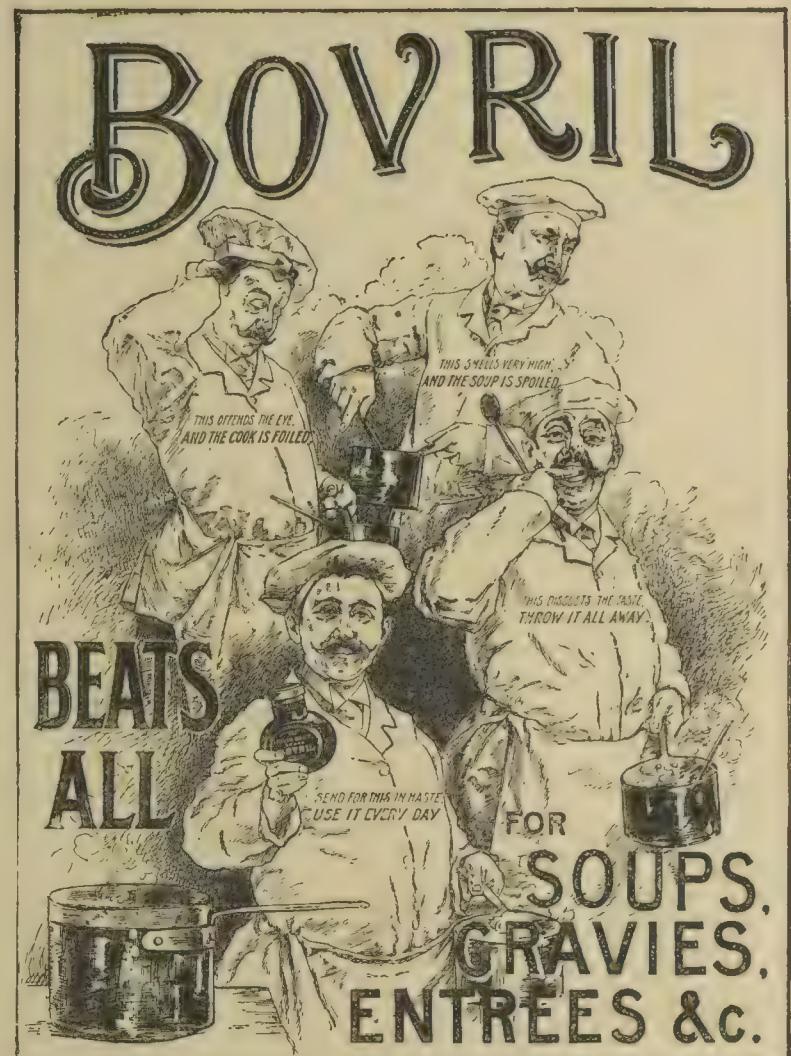
BOVRIL is Beef, the entire lean of the best Beef procurable. Not the Forty Pounds' Weight of Beef which would have to be eaten before the nourishment contained in One Pound of Bovril could be imparted to the system, but Forty Pounds of the primest parts obtained from the finest selected Cattle reared in Australia and South America, concentrated by a special process, rendering it the most perfect form of Strengthening, Stimulating, Easily Digestible Nourishment in the smallest possible bulk.

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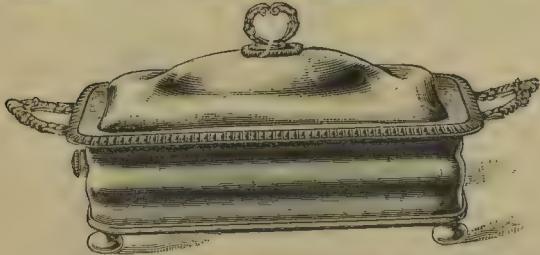
BOVRIL adds piquancy and nourishment to Soups, Sauces, Gravies, Ragoût of Game or Poultry, Meat Pies or Puddings, Croquettes, Rissoles, and all Entrées, and is invaluable in every kitchen where economy and high-class cooking are desired.



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Breakfast-Dish, with Hot Water Part and Handsome Gadroon Mounts. In Prince's Plate, £4 10s.



Cut-Glass Pepper-Mill, with Electro Silver Mounts, 15s.; Sterling Silver Mounts, £1 12s.



Antique Sterling Silver Inkstand, with Gadroon Mounts, £3 15s.



Escallop Butter Shell and Knife, with Glass Lining. Prince's Plate, 12s. 6d. Sterling Silver, £1 12s.



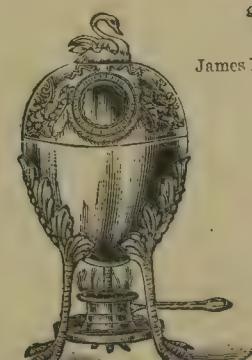
James I. Sterling Silver Cream-Ewer, £1 13s.



James I. Sterling Silver Afternoon Tea-Pot, 3-Pint, £4 10s.



Kettle and Stand, with Ebony Handle and Knob. Prince's Plate. Sterling Silver. 1½ Pints ... £3 15 0 2 Pints ... £4 5 0 2½ Pints ... £4 15 0



Prince's Plate Egg-Steamer, with Spirit-Lamp, complete. To cook four eggs simultaneously. Engraved, as illustrated, £2; Plain, £1 15s.



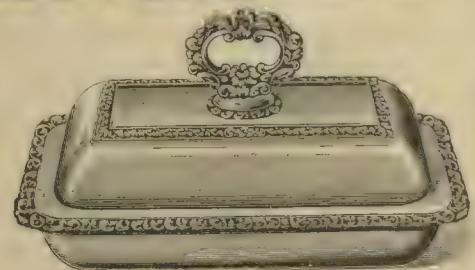
Prince's Plate Biscuit-Box, Richly Chased, Oval Shape, £3 3s.

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(Regd. 71,552.)



Cut Glass Claret-Jug, with richly Chased Prince's Plate Mounts, £4 5s. Sterling Silver Mounts, £7 10s.



Prince's Plate Full Size Entrée-Dish, Handsomely Mounted, £5 15s. Sterling Silver, £25.



Sterling Silver Antique Cream-Jug, 3 in. high, £2 2s.



Sterling Silver Tea-Caddy, with Panels Richly Ornamented in Relief, 4½ in. high; body 2½ in. square, £3.

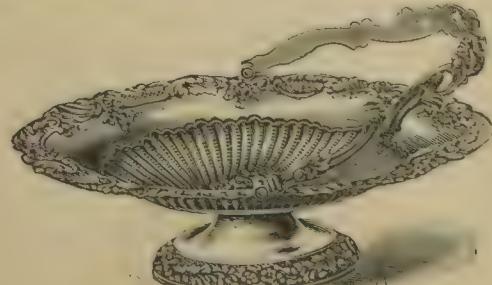


James I. Sterling Silver Sugar-Basin, £1 10s.

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FACING THE MANSION HOUSE.

an elaborate trousseau for a grown lady doll. Needless to detail more. I challenge the visitor to name a toy that is not there in variety.

There are also plenty of handsome presents for older persons. Notable amongst these are the bicycles, for Messrs. Peter Robinson, being first-hand buyers from the makers, can actually supply a complete and reliable machine from ten guineas for lads and girls, and £12 for full-weight riders. In one place are all possible games, from the simple card-game for winter evenings to full-sized table billiards. A most beautiful counter holds French goods in glass, china, and ormolu—vases, candlesticks, mirrors, liqueur sets, etc. The most artful thing ever invented for the latter purpose is there—a really nice oil painting that has a frame to open like a cupboard, and hold the drinks and glasses, all for £4 10s.! Bags and purses in crushed morocco, calendars, inkstands, brushes—all kinds of trifles and all sorts of costly gifts are gathered under the one roof in a veritable profusion. F. F.-M.

In Mr. P. G. Hamerton's autobiography an interesting sketch is given of Archdeacon Bardsley, whose church Hamerton attended in his boyhood. Hamerton fully appreciated the good qualities of the Archdeacon, but found that he could not reply to his difficulties about inspiration. In consequence, Hamerton abandoned his connection with the Church of England, and remained to the last outside of all Churches, although he was very happily married to a devout Roman Catholic.

At Hampton Court Palace there is a portrait in the King's Audience Chamber which has long exercised the minds of art critics. It has been conjectured on very slight grounds that it represents the Marchese del Guasto, the friend and patron of Titian, to whom the painting has been ascribed. Others have supposed that it is intended to be a portrait of the redoubtable Duke of Alva, whom Titian once painted, but all trace of the picture has been lost. Herr Carl Justi, whose position among modern critics is justly recognised, now comes forward with a very different theory. He dismisses at once the idea that Titian or the Marquis del Guasto had anything to do with the Hampton Court picture, which bears the date of 1565, at which date the Marquis had been dead for many years, and Titian's style was so formed that he would scarcely have allowed himself to make essays in the manner of other painters. Herr Justi fails to recognise any trace of Titian's hand or school in the picture, which he regards as more probably the work of some artist of the Parinese or Florentine school. He has, moreover, discovered in the Ambras Collection at Vienna—which now forms part of the Imperial Gallery—a picture which he recognises as the original or the replica of the Hampton Court portrait. According to Herr Justi the Vienna picture—of which the history can be traced back to a remote period—represents Louis de Gonzaga, Duke de Nevers, who, after having fought for the "Ligue," joined Henri Quatre at the battle of Ivry, and became one of his staunchest supporters.

CHESS.

JOHN CRUM (Glasgow).—Has the problem been published elsewhere? If not, we shall be pleased to give it full honours, and in any case ill quote it.

REV. A. B. SKIPWORTH.—We are sorry limits of space enable us to give the gist of your letter only, but hope there is enough.

H. T. BAILEY.—We do not care for symmetrical problems, and there is no special merit in yours to make it acceptable.

F. W. LANE.—1. B to Kt 7th (ch) also solves your problem.

W. BIDDLE (Stratford).—We do not like the construction of your last problem, and think it scarcely worthy of your skill.

T. CULLIVIN.—We see no mate if Black play 2. R to R 2nd.

E. P. VULLIAMY.—Your problem shall appear.

R. HINDLEY (Hindmarsh, South Australia).—Marked for insertion.

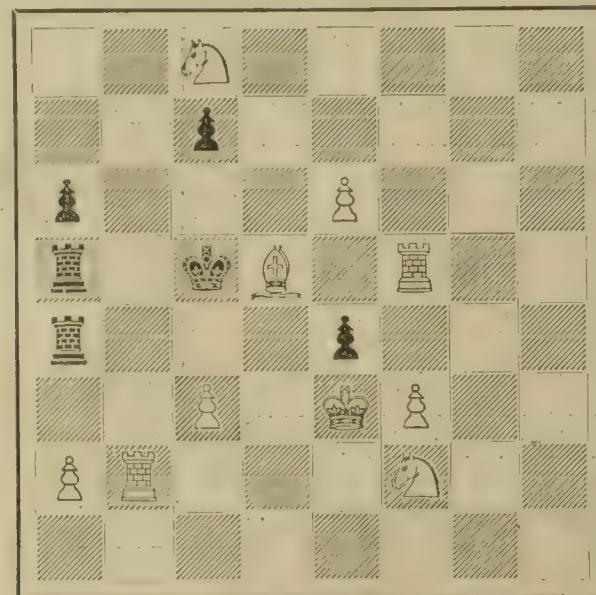
CAUSLAKE W. WOOD, REGINALD KELLY, D. MACKAY, and W. B. MUIR.—Problems received with thanks.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2739 received from G. A. M. (Penang) and Thomas E. Laurent (Bombay); of No. 2743 from Emile Frau (Lyons); of No. 2744 from R. H. Brooks, Fortamps (Brussels); Emile Frau (Lyons); W. Jennings (Plymouth); Hugo Colleton (Dublin); J. Whittingham (Welshpool); and Albert Ludwig (Alsace); of No. 2745 from Shadforth, J. Whittingham (Welshpool); H. S. Brandreth (Corsica); R. Worts (Canterbury); J. Lake Ralph (Purley); R. H. Brooks, C. W. Smith (Stroud); F. A. Carter (Maldon); C. M. A. B. W. David (Cardiff); Arthur Wheeler (Worksop); Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth); J. Baile (Newark); and J. Sowden.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2746 received from G. D. Gilliespie, George C. Turner (Solihill Lodge), J. Whittingham (Welshpool); Dr. F. St. W. R. Rillieux, Alpha, F. Waller (Luton); J. D. Tucker (Leeds); T. Chown, Charles Jacoby (Brussels); F. Anderson, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly); Frank Proctor, Arthur Wheeler (Worksop); C. M. O. F. W. C. (Edgbaston); G. Griffiths (Tewkesbury); R. H. Brooks, Bluct, Shadforth; J. F. Moon, E. P. Vulliamy, C. M. (Ayr); L. Desanges, Uboque, Steyning; J. S. Wesley (Exeter); T. G. Ware, E. Louden, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth); F. A. Carter (Maldon); Frank R. Pickering, M. Rieloff, Sorrento, Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg); G. J. Veal, Eugene Henry, E. B. Foord (Cheltenham); T. Roberts, and Meursius (Brussels).

PROBLEM No. 2748—By P. H. WILLIAMS.

BLACK.



White to play, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2745.—By J. W. ABBOTT.

WHITE.

BLACK.

1. Kt to B 3rd

2. Kt to K 4th (ch)

3. R or Q mates.

If Black play 1. P to K 4th, 2. Q to K 4th (ch); and if 1. K to K 4th, then 2. Q to K 5th (ch), K moves; 3. R takes Kt. Mate.

CHESS IN THE CITY.

Game played in the match at Karo's Café between Messrs. FENTON and LEE. (Petroff Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. F.) BLACK (Mr. L.)

18. Q to K 2nd P to B 5th

19. Kt to Q 2nd B to Q 3rd

20. Kt to B 3rd P to K R 3rd

21. P to Q Kt 3rd Q to Q 2nd

22. B to Kt 2nd Kt to Kt 3rd

23. K to R sq Q to Kt 5th

24. Q to B sq

The only valid defence. If R to K Kt sq, Black's reply, Kt to K 4th, would have obtained a decisive advantage.

24. R to Q Kt 4th

25. Q R to Q sq R to K 4th

26. P to B 4th K to R 2nd

27. B to B 3rd P to Q R 4th

28. R to Q 3rd Kt to K 2nd

Hardly judicious, as the sequel shows.

29. R takes B P takes R

30. R takes Kt R to R 6th

31. R takes P (ch) R takes R

32. B takes R

At this point the game was given up as drawn, but it is clear that, had White withdrawn the Bishop to R square, he should win, as Black's Rook has no escape.

CHESS IN MOSCOW.

Game played in the match between Messrs. STEINITZ and LASKER. (Gioco Piano.)

WHITE (Mr. S.) BLACK (Mr. L.)

23. Q takes Kt P B to B sq

24. Q to B 6th

Necessary now because of the threatened attack by Q takes K B P (ch), etc.

21. Q takes Q K to B 5th

22. R to K 7th P to R 3rd

23. P to B 4th K to B 3rd

24. R to R 7th Kt to Q 6th

25. B to K 7th (ch) K to K 3rd

26. R to B 7th Kt to K 4th

27. B to Kt 4th R to Kt sq

28. P to B 5th P to K 2nd

29. K to B 2nd R to K 4th

30. R takes B R takes B

31. R takes Kt P to B 3rd

32. R takes P K to Q 4th

33. R to K 3rd Kt to K 4th

34. P to B 3rd R to K 5th

35. K to B 2nd R takes B

36. R takes B K to Q 4th

37. R to Q R 8th Kt to K 4th

38. K to K 3rd Kt takes Q B P (dis. ch.)

39. K to Q 2nd P to R 4th

40. R to K B 8th R to K 4th

41. P to B 4th P takes P

42. R takes P R to R 4th

43. K to K 3rd Kt to K 4th

44. R to R 4th Kt to B 5th (ch)

The feature of the ending is Black's wonderful accuracy and the pretty way in which the Rook is shut in and lost by force.

Black's defence throughout is finely played. Of course White gets Pawns enough, and this cannot be helped; but the pieces tell later.

15. Q to K 2nd B to B 4th

16. Q takes P (ch) K to Kt 3rd

17. R to K 3rd Q R to K sq

18. Q R to K sq R takes R

19. R takes R P to K R 4th

20. P to R 3rd P to R 5th

21. P to Q 5th Kt to K 4th

22. Q takes B P K to Q 6th

Black's defence throughout is finely played. Of course White gets Pawns enough, and this cannot be helped; but the pieces tell later.

15. Q to K 2nd B to B 4th

16. Q takes P (ch) K to Kt 3rd

17. R to K 3rd Q R to K sq

18. Q R to K sq R takes R

19. R takes R P to K R 4th

20. P to R 3rd P to R 5th

21. P to Q 5th Kt to K 4th

22. Q takes B P K to Q 6th

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 28, 1895), with a codicil (dated Aug. 6 following), of the Right Hon. Sir William Robert Grove, F.R.S., formerly one of the Justices of the High Court, who died on Aug. 1 at his residence, 115, Harley Street, was proved on Nov. 17 by Florence Crauford Grove and Major-General Coleridge Grove, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £215,899. The testator bequeaths £6000 to his son Coleridge; £5000 to his grandson, Edmund Herbert Hills; £2000 to his granddaughter, Flora Duff Baker; £100 to his butler, William Hooker; and £20 per annum to his late housekeeper, Mrs. Gibbs, for life. He directs the residue of his personal estate to be divided into four equal shares, and gives one share each to his sons, Florence Crauford and Coleridge, one share to his daughter, Mrs. Anna Hills, and one share between his granddaughters Flora Duff Baker and Leila Crackanthorpe. The shares given to his son Florence and his daughter Mrs. Hills are to be in addition to anything he may have settled upon them, but the share of the residue given to his granddaughter Leila Crackanthorpe is to be taken *pro tanto* in satisfaction of the £10,000 he covenanted to leave her by her marriage settlement. The testator leaves his real estate in Gower and in and about Swansea to his son Florence, and his farm at Pentrehyd and his land in Carmarthenshire and Sussex to his son Coleridge.

The will (dated Nov. 28, 1895) of Mr. Frederick James Tompson, of 4, Fitzjohn's Avenue, Hampstead, a director

of the Gordon Hotels, Limited, and Spiers and Pond, Limited, who died on Oct. 12, was proved on Nov. 17 by Frederic William Tompson and Edward Harvey Tompson, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £142,318. The testator gives £100 per annum each to his executors, so long as his wife remains a widow and they act as executors; and £5000 each to his son Frederic William Tompson and his daughter Mrs. Elizabeth Caroline Day. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life or widowhood, and then between all his children in equal shares, but the above legacies of £5000 are to be brought into account.

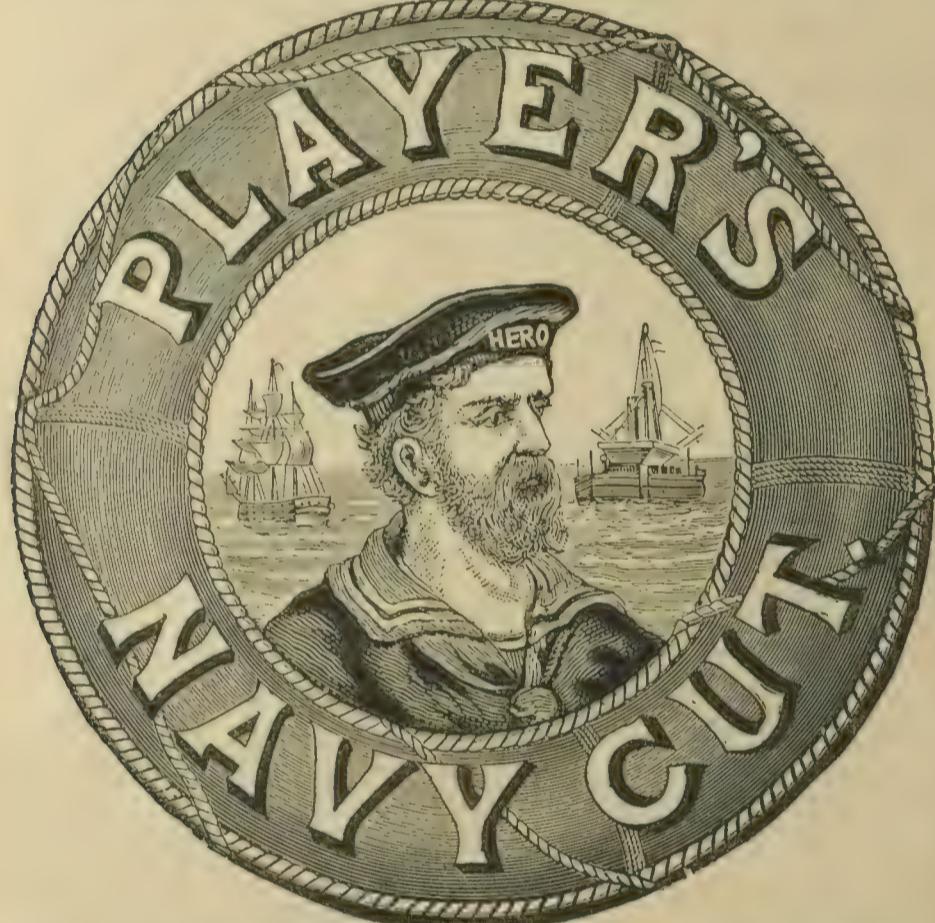
The will (dated July 2, 1891) of Mr. Edwin Jones, J.P., of Harefield, Bitterne, Southampton, who died on July 29, was proved on Sept. 19 by Mrs. F. L. Jones, the widow, and William Harness Simpson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £84,432. The testator gives £5000 to his daughter; £5000, upon trust, for his sister Julia, for life, and after her death for his wife and daughter for their lives and for the survivor; £5000, upon trust, for his sister Ellen, Baroness de Dachenhausen, for life, and after her death for the Baron de Dachenhausen, for life, and after the death of the survivor for his wife and daughter for their lives and for the survivor; £3000 to his sister, Mrs. Mary Delia Clarke; £2000 to his brother-in-law Mr. Charles Clarke; £1000 each to his brother-in-law the Baron de Dachenhausen,

and his nephews, George Edward Pope and Frederick Clarke; £500 each to his brothers-in-law the Rev. Reginald Arthur Richard White, M.A., and Henry Milner White, M.A., LL.D.; he also leaves legacies to other nephews and nieces, and certain charitable bequests. He leaves all his household furniture and effects, jewellery, plate, horses, carriages, etc., the whole of his real estate, and his residuary personal estate to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated April 7, 1892), with two codicils (dated Dec. 19, 1894, and Oct. 5, 1895), of Mr. Steuart Spencer Davis, of Bournemouth, who died on Sept. 15, was proved on Nov. 7 by Miss Frances Sarah Davis, the daughter, and Joseph Rogers, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £74,571. The testator gives £100 each to his nieces, Julia Davis, Mary Davis, and Ethel Davis; and £100 to Joseph Rogers; and he specifically bequeaths a large number of Government, railway, and banking stocks and shares to his daughters. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his daughters, Agnes Eliza Davis, Anna Louisa Davis, Frances Sarah Davis, and Margaret E. Tudor Davis, in equal shares. He states that the reason for not leaving anything to his sons is that he had already given to them his properties in the Island of St. Christopher, West Indies.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissioner of the county of Haddington, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated April 1, 1890), with a codicil (dated Jan. 31, 1893), of Colonel James Warren

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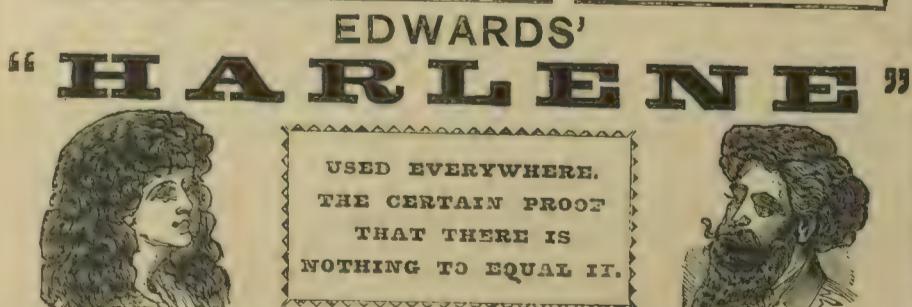
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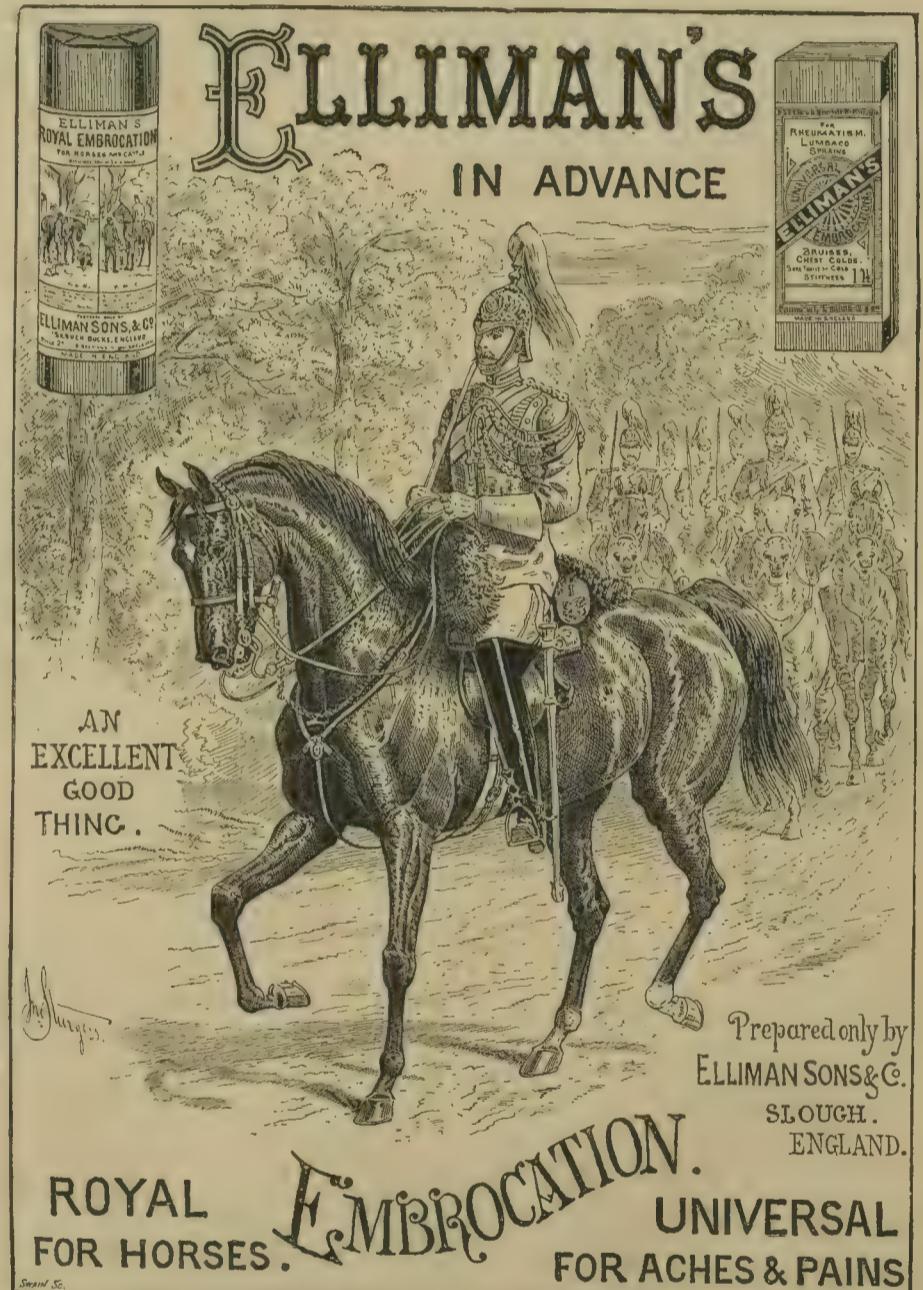
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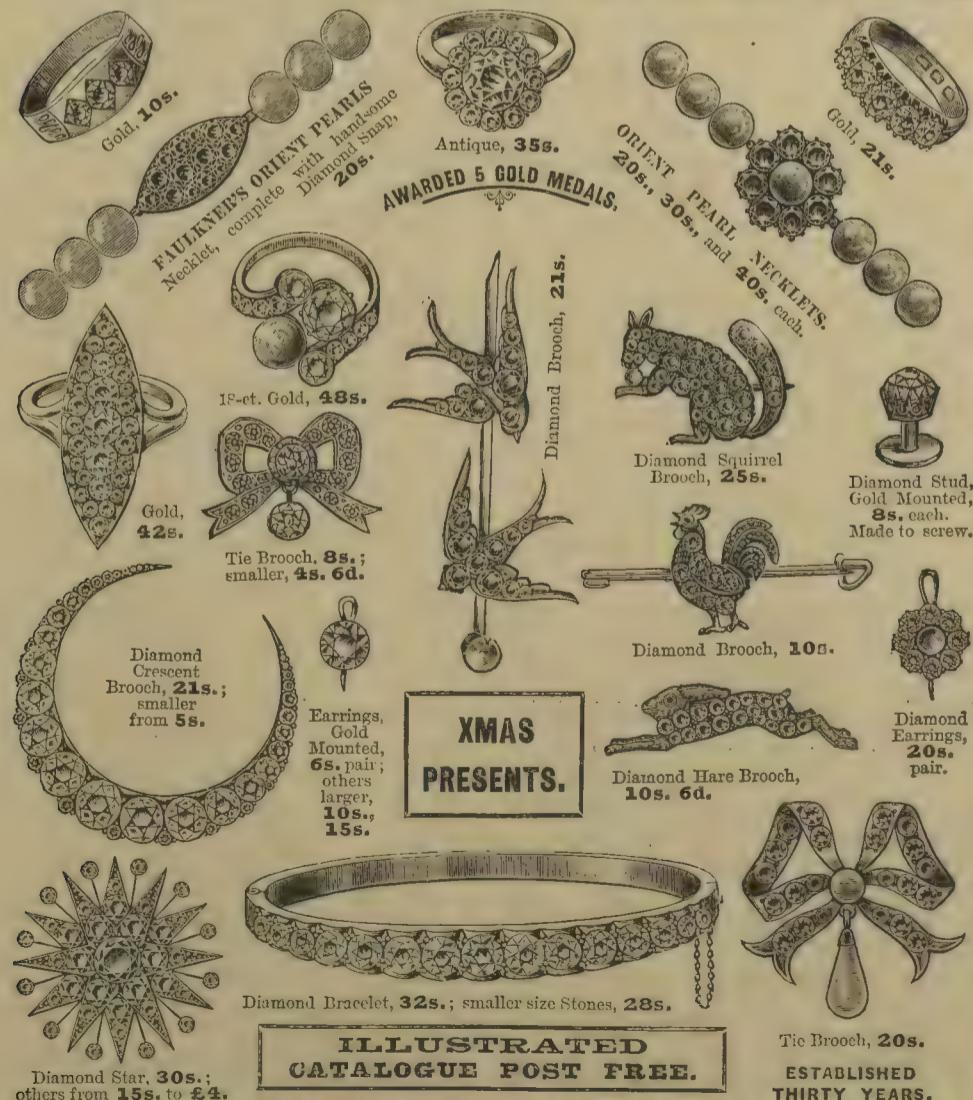


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goes such a long way.

Hastings Anderson, J.P., D.L., of Bourhouse, Spott, Haddington, granted to Mrs. Christina Mitchell Innes or Anderson, the widow, Lieutenant David Murray Anderson, the son, John Ramsay Anderson, and Archibald Robert Craufurd Pitman, the accepting executors nominate, was resealed in London on Nov. 13, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland being £52,471.

The will (dated July 30, 1896) of Mr. George Louis Palmella Busson Du Maurier, of 17, Oxford Square, who died on Oct. 18, was proved on Nov. 17 by Captain Guy Louis Busson Du Maurier, the son, Charles Christian Hoyer Millar, and Basil Champneys, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £47,555. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his wife, Mrs. Emma Du Maurier, for life. At her death he bequeaths his household furniture and effects to his daughter Marie Louise if she is a spinster, but should she be married, then between all his children; such a sum as will produce £500 per annum, upon trust, for his said daughter, Marie Louise, and the ultimate residue between his other four children, Captain Guy Louis Busson Du Maurier, Gerald Hubert Edward Busson Du Maurier, Mrs. Beatrice Clara Isabella Millar, and Mrs. Sylvia Jocelyn Davies, in equal shares.

The will and codicil (both dated May 15, 1890) of Mr. John Vessey, of Sheffield, steel-manufacturer, have been proved by Charles Henry Vessey and John Walter Vessey, the sons, and Robert Montague Brown, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £39,676. The testator gives £100 each to the Sheffield General Infirmary and the

Sheffield Public Hospital and Dispensary; £200, the use of such furniture and effects as she may select, and £7000, upon trust, for his wife, Mrs. Lydia Vessey; and twenty-two houses and shops at Sheffield, upon trust, for his daughter, Alice Vessey. He devises his freehold land in West Street, Sheffield, upon trust, for his grandson, John William Vessey. On the death of Mrs. Vessey he bequeaths £1000 to his said daughter, Alice, and £500 to Frank Erskine Bolland. The residue of his real and personal estate, including the goodwill of his business, he leaves to his two sons, Charles Henry Vessey and John Walter Vessey, in equal shares.

The will (dated July 4, 1882), with four codicils (dated May 14, 1890; May 7, 1894; and March 11 and May 21, 1896), of Mr. Charles Packe, J.P., of Stretton Hall, Leicestershire, who died on July 16, was proved on Nov. 18 by Frederick Fellowes and Edmund Lawson, the nephews and executors, the value of the personal estate being £30,932. The testator bequeaths £500 to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; £100 to the Leicester branch of the said society; £100 to St. Giles's Christian Mission; £50 each to the Dogs' Home (Battersea) and the Observatory at Pic du Midi (Hautes Pyrénées); £100 to the Leicester Infirmary; £500, upon trust, for the poor of Glen (Leicester); £200, upon trust, for the fabric of Glen Church; £100, upon trust, for the fabric of the Vicarage (Glen); £4000, £5000 Two and Three-Quarter per Cents., his horses, carriages, china, and linen to his wife, Mrs. Selina Packe, and he also charges the Stretton settled estates with the payment of £200 per annum to her during

widowhood; and very many legacies to relatives, friends, and servants. He appoints the funds of his marriage settlement, subject to the life interest of his wife, to the children of his sisters, Mrs. Fellowes, Mrs. Lawson, and Mrs. Fox. The residue of his property he leaves to his brother, William James Packe. The late Mr. Packe desired to be buried in a wooden coffin without lead in Stretton Park, and trusted that some clergyman would read the Church Burial service over him, although it is not consecrated ground.

The will (dated April 4, 1882), with two codicils (dated Nov. 18, 1889, and June 13, 1895), of Mr. William Morrant Baker, F.R.C.S., one of the Governors of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, of 39, Woburn Square, and the Manor House, Nutbourne, Sussex, who died on Oct. 3, was proved on Nov. 17 by Mrs. Ann Baker, the widow, and Henry Francis Baker, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £17,657. The testator gives £500 and all his household furniture to his wife; £50 to his brother, Benjamin Russell Baker; and £200, upon trust, for his sister, Elizabeth Martha Potter, and her son, Samuel Henry Potter. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life or widowhood, and then to all his children and their issue as his wife shall by deed or will appoint, and in default thereof in equal shares.

The will and codicil of Sir George Ferdinand Radziwill Forestier Walker, Bart., of Castleton, Monmouthshire, who died on Aug. 1, were proved on Nov. 12 by Major Sir George Ferdinand Forestier Walker, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £9037.

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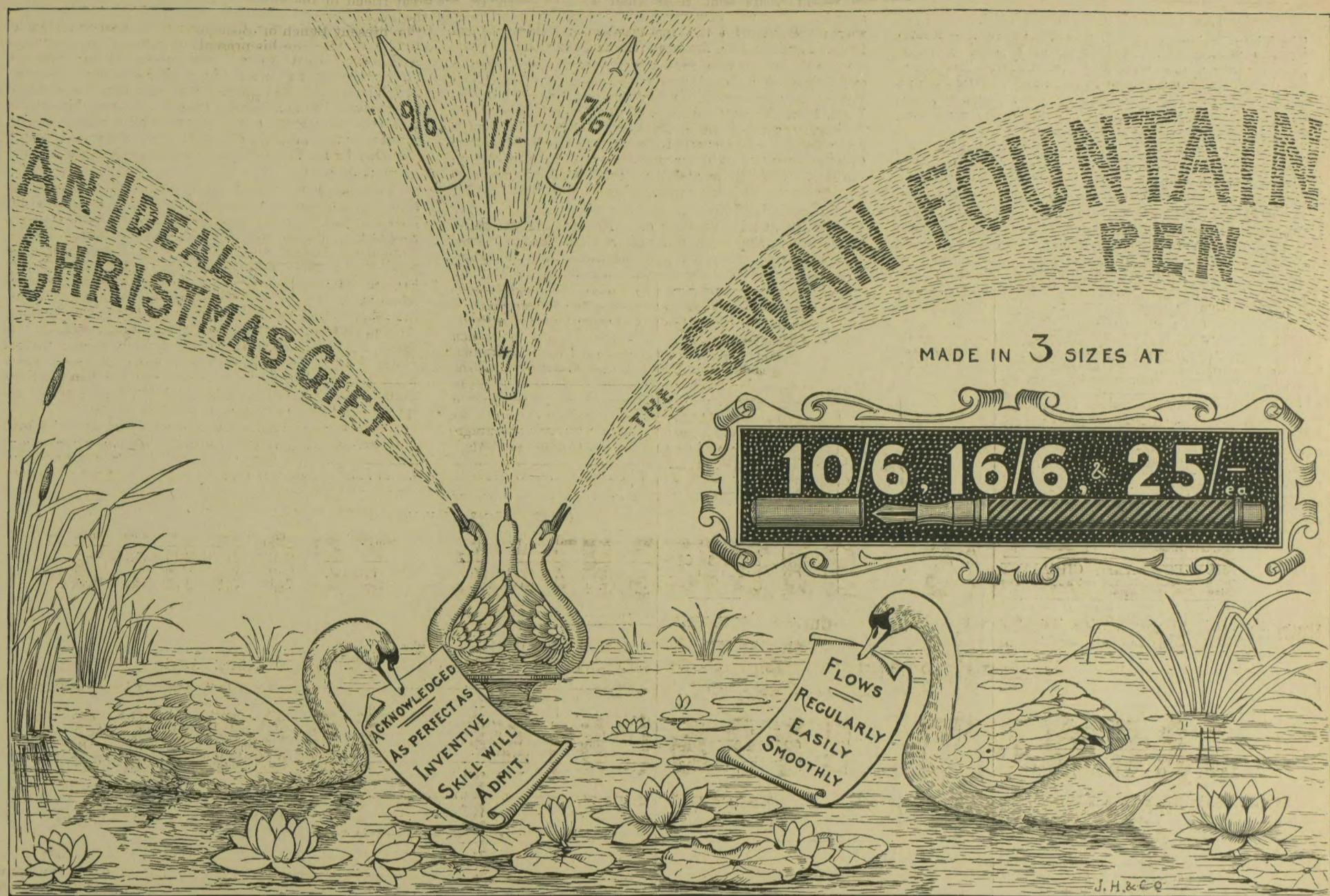
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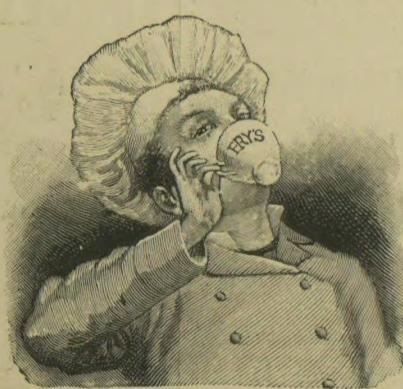
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Vicar-Designate of Kensington, the Rev. Somerset Edward Pennefather, comes of an Irish stock, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated in 1871. He was ordained in the same year, and licensed by the Bishop of Oxford to the curacy of Sir Harry Verney's parish, East Claydon. He was not long in obtaining pre-ferment, for in 1874 he was appointed to a living in Evangelical patronage in Christ Church, Wakefield. He moved almost at once to Kenilworth; and in 1882 went to Jesmond parish church. He has been Vicar of St. George's, Jesmond, since 1888. Canon Pennefather has the reputation of being a hard-working incumbent, interested in social problems, active in School Board affairs, and lending a general support to Evangelical enterprise at home and

abroad. He is not, however, a party man, nor is he in any way identified with the institutions at Mildmay Park founded by his uncle, the late William Pennefather.

The North has in recent years sent more than a sprinkling of able clergy to London work. Canon Pennefather is coming up from Newcastle. The Rev. H. E. Fox, the new hon. sec. of the Church Missionary Society, was beneficed in Durham. Canon McCormick came from Hull to succeed Prebendary Gordon Calthrop at Highbury. Two other well-known Yorkshire clergy, the Rev. H. Woffindin and the Rev. R. C. Joynt, are also among the recent immigrants.

A Church family newspaper says that the new Bishop of London, Dr. Creighton, was of a Nonconformist family, his father having been a member of a Congregational

chapel in Carlisle. There is little doubt that if he is successful in London, Dr. Creighton will one day be Arch-bishop of Canterbury. If so, he will be one of several Archbishops born Nonconformists — including Tait and Secker, the great friend of the author of the "Analogy." It has been pointed out that the present Bench of Bishops is largely of Lord Salisbury's creation. During his present and preceding term of office twenty-four Bishops — or practically three fourths of the entire number — have been provided by him.

It is understood that the invitations to the Lambeth Conference of 1897 hold good. Happily, although the programme witnesses in almost every line to the distinctive aims and hopes of the late Archbishop Benson, the new Arch-bishop is very much in sympathy with those aims.

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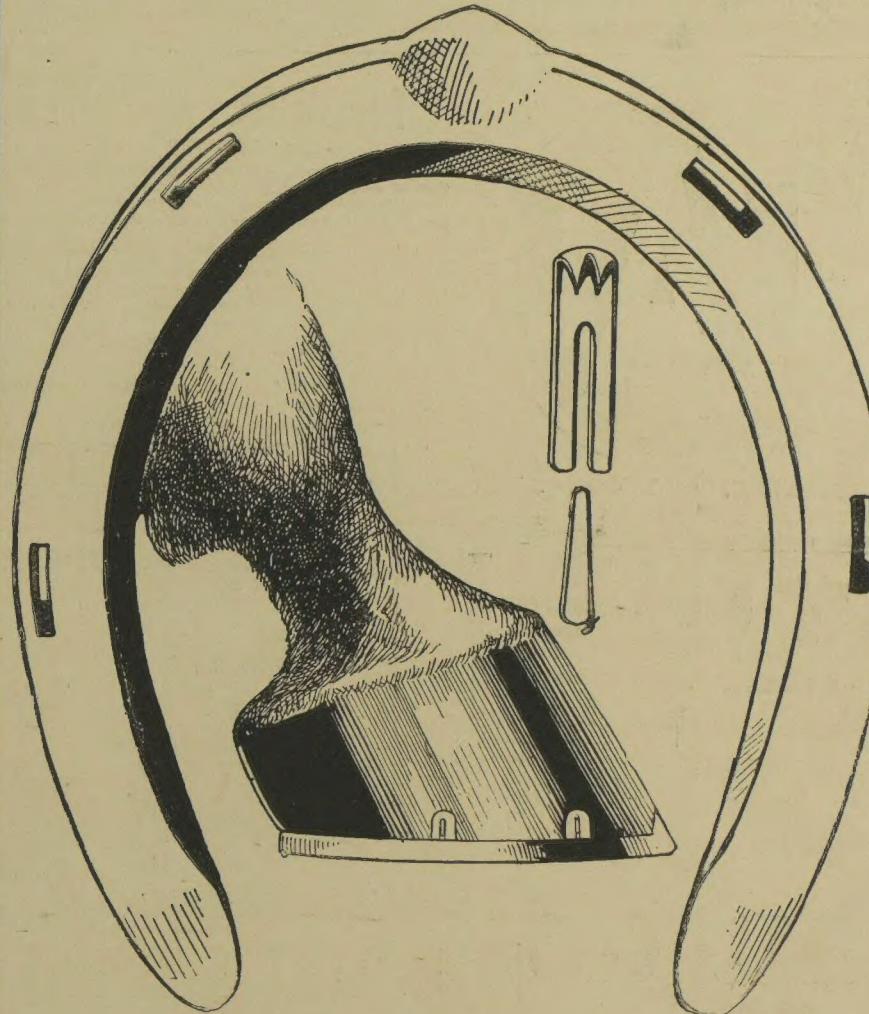
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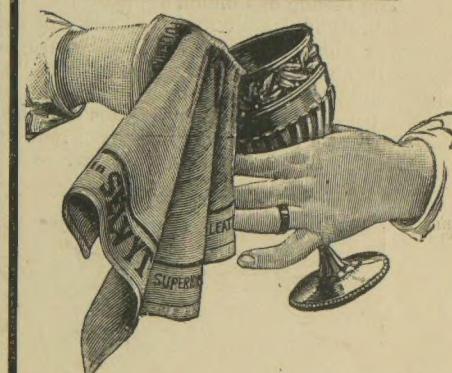
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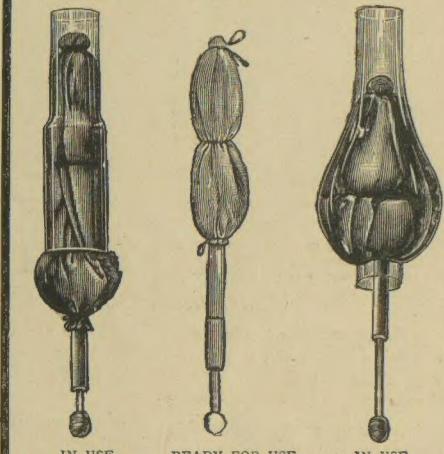
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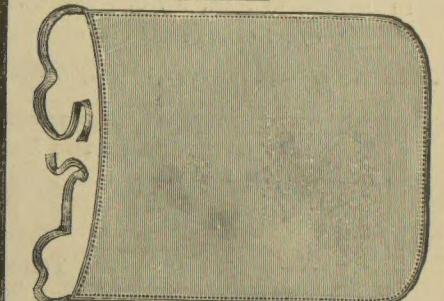
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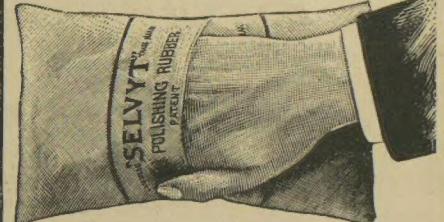


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Patented all over the World.

Indeed, it is quite certain that in all matters affecting the organisation and the discipline of the Anglican communion, Dr. Temple will be found even more determined and inflexible than Dr. Benson. As some important appointments affecting the colonial and missionary work of the Church await the new Archbishop's enthronement, this may soon be seen.

The Bishop of London's appointment of Dr. L. B. White to a prebendal stall in St. Paul's illustrates the curious way in which honours of this kind are distributed. The new Bishop of Peterborough is a plain "Mr." The Vicar of Islington—as potent a personage as some of the Bishops—has no stall; neither has the Vicar of St. Pancras (Mr. Paget), nor parochial clergy of long and distinguished service in the diocese, such as Mr. Jeakes (of Hornsey),

Mr. Robinson (of Holy Trinity, Marylebone), Mr. E. A. Stuart (of Bayswater), and many more. Of the London clergy "with handles to their names" a considerable number are wearing distinctions obtained in other dioceses.

The Wesleyans are going forward with their plan for varying the three years' limit of the ministry. They must apply to Parliament for power; but some of their advisers are of opinion that a private Bill will meet the necessities of the case.

The year 1895, with its attack and defence of the Church in Wales, was a bad one for the undenominational societies engaged in foreign missions. The sum collected by them fell to the total of ten years ago. As other groups of societies are progressing steadily, this is significant. But

it is only one of many signs that people more and more prefer to aid the efforts of their own community, and no others. It is perhaps inevitable; but some very valuable work will suffer.

Professor Ryle, the new President of Queen's College, Cambridge, is one of the Higher Critics, although his father, Bishop Ryle, continues steadfastly to oppose them. Professor Ryle is an excellent scholar, and has done valuable work in Old Testament literature. Owing to the agricultural depression the incomes at Queen's have been seriously depressed, and it is said that the President's income does not now exceed £250 a year. Professor Ryle will, therefore, continue to occupy his chair.

Archbishop Magee, it would appear from his biography, resembled most Bishops in reading very little. Probably

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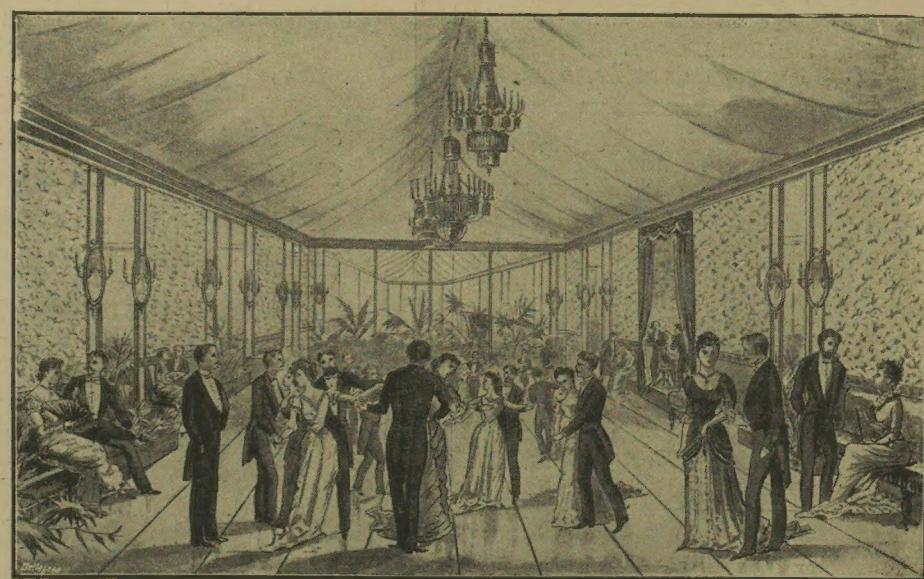
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